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November, 1916

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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

CONTENTS

		Page
LITERATURE		
To Whom It May Concern	"Chief"	5
A Somnambulist	M. S. Jacoby	6
A Corner in Radium	B. A. S.	8
The 1B.	Burke Boyce	9
It Happened in Slowtown	A. W.	11
EDITORIALS		12
HONOR ROLL		14
SCHOOL NEWS		15
A FEW LAUGHS		17
ATHLETICS		24
EXCHANGES		28
GRADUATE NOTES		31

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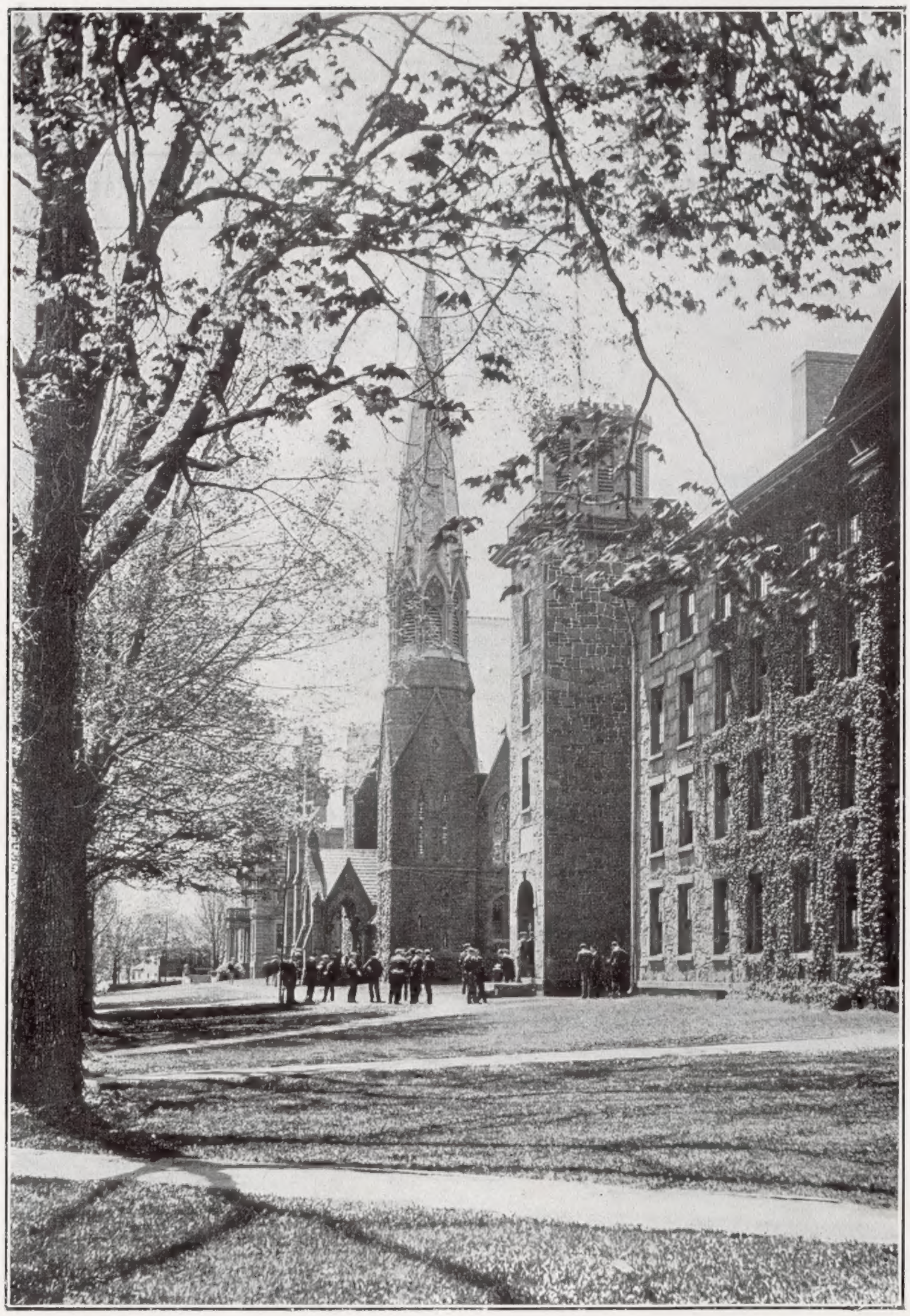


WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

EDITORS: ALBERT SACHS, *Chairman*
ALTHEA WARD
CAROL RICKETTS
GRACE THOMPSON
MARGARET JACOBY

To Whom It May Concern

BY "CHIEF."

GEE! but I never was so glad of any thing as to get back to B. H. S. this fall after having spent the summer in South Texas.

I'm sure that South Texas is all right for some people, but for me not never, at least in the summer time. To really enjoy it one should be an entomologist, which same I am not.

The bugs were the most socially inclined, friendly bugs I ever heard of, for they wouldn't allow us to have or to do anything without their having given it the once over. It made no difference whether it was clothes to wear or food to eat, or beds to sleep in, it was a case of "after the bugs we came first."

The natives blessed us because we brought them rain and believe me, if all the rain they had was due to us, why we were some little water carriers. For I never saw so much water anywhere, unless in the ocean, as we had in the shape of rain for five straight weeks, beginning with the day the troops arrived in McAllen.

The 7th N. Y. Infantry, as you perhaps know, was one of the regiments that was rushed straight to the border from their armory because they happened to be fully equipped when the call came.

It was some rush, too. Lots of disagreeable and uncomfortable things happened on the way down, most prominent of which was the failure of the lights at night and the lack of water, due to leaky plumbing in our cars. It just occurs to me that it would have been a very poor trip for Phoebe Snow to take, as she'd have to cut out writing those jingles about clean and sweet and bright and anthracite. After five and one-half days run we reached what appeared to be the end of the earth, but it was only the mesa outside McAllen, Texas, about ninety miles from Brownsville and about six miles from the Rio Grande.

At 4.30 a. m. on Sunday, July 1st, we detrained and at once started putting up camp, which meant clean away the cactus and brush and put up tents and dig gutters and ditch the tents, lay water pipes, build store houses, cook shacks, mess shacks, and in fact do anything anybody told you to do.

As a side issue we unloaded mules and horses to the number of 250 and I haven't sufficient command of the English language to tell you what I think of that job. Those mules were the most gentle creatures ever, for they would without command, eat out my hand or arm or leg, or playfully bite my ear; and jealous, why if I turned my back on one to pat (with a blacksnake whip) another, the one I turned my back on would likely become so enraged that I'd get a kick in the back, if my back was near enough.

Needless to say, we finally unloaded all the animals, no matter how much they objected, for when you're in the army you always do as you are told.

You can find everything in the "Manual" but the word "can't" and so far as the Manual is concerned "there ain't no such word."

This is the great lesson to be learned from military training, viz., there is nothing you *can't* do when you are ordered to work, and after a few trials you get the habit and things that seemed impossible at first, gradually give away when you keep pushing and trying your best. The best lesson of all was when the men learned that you could have a grouch on or not, just as you liked, but you did your little bit just the same.

By far the largest number of the men automatically decided in favor of "the grin that wouldn't come off." Not infrequently you would feel inclined to ask some unshaven, mud-covered, wet, hungry soldier, whose face apparently was distorted with pain, how he was feeling now, only to have him answer: "G'wan, you nut, I'm not in pain, I'm grinning."

Or perhaps a sentry would be relieved from his two-hour trick of duty and come in out of the rain and wake the whole guard trying to find Cullen, and when he'd find him tell him he was wanted on the 'phone. The probability was that Cullen would get up and go to the water cooler and carefully place the tin cup over his ear and proceed to hold a long-distance conversation with some beauteous dame, managing of course, to describe her and the beautiful summer resort from which she was 'phoning. Then he'd probably arrange to watch the yacht race with her the next afternoon, after which they'd go to dinner at the Casino or Palm Garden, or one of the one-armed lunches and dance in the pavilion afterward. He'd be just in the middle of the description of the dinner when someone with a good eye would pick him off with a shoe or a canteen, and everybody would laugh. Officer of the guard, speaking from without: "Quiet in the guard house." Parting shot from Allen. "I wonder when we'll see Broadway again." Finis by the officer of the guard. "Shut up."

I could go on and give illustrations one after another of how the fellows at the border endeavored to pass lightly over disagreeable and uncomfortable things. So you see it all comes back to the old B. H. S. idea we all have, "Do your best all the time and do it with a smile."

"Chief" Broadhead.

A Somnambulist

By M. S. Jacoby.

RUTH pushed back her book and frowned fiercely. The work was very interesting, but when from just across the hall one can hear the murmur of girlish voices, and an occasional burst of the most contagious laughter, it requires concentration and an iron will to keep on studying; to forget that one is shy, lonely, and very homesick, that one has been four whole months in boarding school without making a single real friend. As for the B. B. bunch, the jolliest girls in the school—of course they had been polite to Ruth, but they seemed never to have even considered asking her to join them—while Marie, Ruth's room-mate, who had also come to Alden House four months ago, was across the hall, in the Sorority President's room, right now. "But then," thought Ruth, with a weak attempt at a smile, "Marie's such a lively girl! She even gets up and roams around the room in her sleep! No wonder they want her!" and she turned again to her "Vergil."

Presently Marie slammed open the door, and danced into the room. "'Lo, Ruth, cramming as usual? I'm going skating with the bunch—if I can ever find my skates" (busily turning things upside-down as she spoke) "—oh, there they are! —now my muffler, so long!" and the door slammed shut.

Ruth rose and picked up Marie's shoes, that had landed in the middle of the floor during the frenzied hunt, but suddenly the "crammer's" temper got the better of her, and she viciously fired the shoes in the general direction of her room-mate's cot, grabbed her own coat, hat and skates, and paused in her mad rush from the room only long enough to slam the door.

It was a crisp, bright day in December, and the pond was beautiful, with the glittering snow-hung trees surrounding it, the green-grey ice, the crude, cheerful colors of the skaters' wraps. But Ruth could not enjoy it, she was too lonely. At the far end of the pond (which was part of the school property) she came upon Marie and the B. B. bunch. She joined them as unobtrusively as she could. They were talking about the new dramatic club, just established that week, and deploring the fact that all applicants had to be approved by the new teacher, Miss Primfase, whom the principal had put in charge of the club. "She knows the business, all right," was the verdict, "but the club will be dead. She's too stiff!"

"Say," exclaimed Marie, changing the subject with her usual impetuosity, "wouldn't it be great to come here some night! Couldn't we manage it?" The Sorority President shook her head. "To-night," she said, "we could get out all right. The 'faculty door' is never locked, and they'll all be in the library, getting up plans for the week. But they don't stay there long, and coming back we would have to pass Miss Primfase's room at the head of the stairs. She sits up 'till all hours, studying, you know, and the stairs and hall creak like anything. And I'm sure I pity the girl she gets hold of, she looks as though she

would positively enjoy punishing us!"

"What do you think the punishment would be?" Ruth summoned up courage to ask. The bunch-leader looked surprised. "Why, 'most anything short of being expelled, I guess," she responded, "but it would take a livelier girl than any of us to attempt it, with Miss Primfase at the head of the stairs!"

A livelier girl! Then surely they would admire her if—Ruth's big grey eyes shone—her chance! anything was better than this polite ostracism—but it meant breaking an important rule!—but then, the very idea that the affair was big, appealed—besides, it would hurt no one but herself. So Ruth, a bit flushed with excitement, laughed "Oh, well, I guess it will be worth it. I'll try it to-night." Whereupon the girls regarded her with just the interest and appreciation she had so long desired.

That night, half an hour before "lights out," Ruth slipped downstairs, through the study-room, and out by the "faculty door." A cold wind had sprung up since sunset. The pond reached, Ruth buckled on her skates and raced along, but in spite of her warm wraps she soon began to feel chilly. The pond was gloomy, too—the pale moonlight made the shadows deeper and more uncanny. But in spite of her unsteady nerves, in spite of the intense cold, Ruth forced herself to skate back and forth, back and forth, for what seemed an eternity, but was in reality a little over an hour. Then, chilled to the bone and thoroughly miserable, she started back to "face the music."

She slipped in by the faculty door, and felt her way across the study-room. Then there were the stairs to climb; if one steps on the sides, close to the wall or to the rail, they don't creak so much—gracious, what a squeak!—everyone must have heard—no, it's all quiet—now the last flight, with Miss Primfase's room at the top—someone's talking in there—why, it's the principal!—they're facing the other way—all the girls' doors are ajar—Marie's sticking her head out—a few stealthy steps would get one past—there!—now only to get down the long hall to Marie—(how queerly one's brain works!)—to Marie who walks in her sleep—almost there—C-R-E-A-K ! !—that board!—it's all up now—they're coming to see what's happened—what's to be done?—oh!—an inspiration!

Ruth calmly faced about and walked slowly but firmly toward the stairs.

Miss Primfase and the principal had reached the door, and stared amazed. "Why, Ruth! What does this mean?" exclaimed the principal, stepping quickly forward. Then, nearing the girl, "As I live!" she breathed hurriedly, "a somnambulist! Look at her eyes! How fortunate that we came out in time. But what shall we do? She'll injure herself on those stairs, and it's said to be dangerous to wake them!"

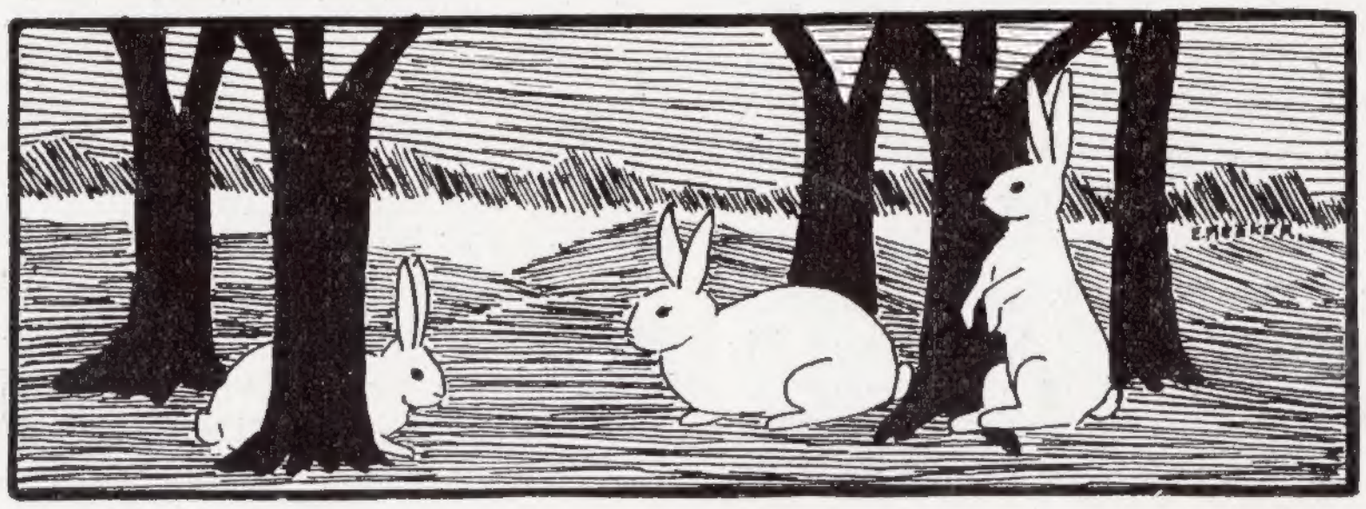
By this time every girl's door framed a carefully demure and inquiring countenance. Miss Primfase hurried back to the head of the stairs, and stood with outstretched arms. Ruth walked slowly but calmly on. Suddenly she was seized with an almost overwhelming desire to sneeze—the chill wind had done it's work. But she just *would not* sneeze—sleep-walkers didn't, did they?—she didn't know—Marie had never sneezed—there! Miss Primfase had seen her biting her lip—how keenly she was watching her—no, it was all right. Now that she was nearer, Miss Primfase seemed quite unsuspicious. Ruth, almost at the head of the stairs, stood still, then turned, and, in a rather aimless fashion, sauntered back along the corridor, past the principal, to her own room, and to bed.

A few minutes after she heard the principal come in and whisper to Marie—she could catch only an occasional word—"overstudy * * * really dangerous * * * bar on the window advisable * * * door locked every night * * * rely upon you." Then retreating foot-steps and the click of lock and key. Then Marie's voice, cautiously lowered yet jubilant—"Some stunt! We nearly had hysterics! How could you keep your face straight?"

Ruth answered with a sneeze.

Next morning, as Ruth stood in the hall, surrounded by admiring B. B. bunch, Miss Primfase paused, and remarked, "Miss Ruth, it might be worth your while to join the new dramatic club. Your talents are truly remarkable!" She smiled stiffly, yet pleasantly, and hurried on. "Gracious!" exclaimed Marie, echoed by the bunch, "So she knew all along! Some sport, after all! That club won't be as dull as we thought."

And, as the girls turned to follow her downstairs, one might have heard the B. B. leader (who had linked arms with the "crammer") saying sweetly, "By the way, Ruth, we have a little sorority that we'd love to have you * * *"



A Corner in Radium

By A. B. S.

"AND as I before said, there is so little radium in the United States that every speck of it is in known hands, and I have the owner's name in this little book." These were the words of John Stafford, promoter and speculator.

He was talking to a group of listeners, alert, keen-eyed business men, in the rooms of one of New York's exclusive clubs. Stafford was a tall, slender man. His build reminded one of a reed, tall, graceful, suppliant to the wind, but lithe, and springy enough to keep its head upright. His dark-brown eyes shone beneath a high forehead, topped with a thatch of stubborn bristly hair. A square chin was thrust out aggressively beneath a large, but firm mouth. His lips were thin but not hard and the upward curve at the ends bespoke good nature and a sense of humor.

"But still, you are not infallible; I wager I can get at least half your supply of radium from you, and make a profit on it from you at that," so spoke a short, stout, pudgy little man in whose eyes a twinkle suggested determination and fun.

"I'll take you on that," answered Stafford. "You can't get even $10,000 worth of radium from me, without my knowledge and agreement."

"I'll show you," answered the little man, Henry Dodderton by name.

They agreed to the conditions, that Dodderton was to do nothing criminal, that he should obtain the radium—at least a quarter of an ounce within two weeks.

After some idle speculation and discussion, the group of men around them resumed their customary enjoyments at the club, and dropped the subject. Dodderton left the club and went home.

When he arrived at his apartment, he entered a study and busied himself before a mirrored table. The table was a small one and on its top lay an assortment of grease-paints, stains, pigments and pencils. Selecting various articles from this stock, and applying them to his face, he soon beheld in the mirror a coarsened, red, bloated countenance. With one or two more deft strokes of his stick of grease, he was apparently satisfied with his work, for a smile spread over his face. It was a most evil-looking smile to behold.

"Well, that does the trick; with a mustache on, I'll be absolutely unrecognizable." So saying, he smeared cold cream over his face and wiped off the make-up with a towel. He then turned out the lights and went to bed.

The next day, in the morning, while Stafford, the promoter, was seated behind his desk at his offices in Wall street, he received a telegram.

Opening he read the contents:

> Give Peter Hodge, our messenger, available supply of radium. Urgently needed. Send bill to
>
> JOHNS HOPKINS,
> Baltimore, Md.

Calling his stenographer, he acquainted him with the order, and ordered it filed away. He then took from a wall-cabinet a case containing a pair of very sensitive balances and a set of weights, carefully dusting them off, and leveling them with the set-screws.

After he was satisfied that the scales were adjusted, he crossed to the opposite side of the room, and there opened a massive, double-locked wall-safe and took from one of the pigeon-holes in it, a locked tin-box such as securities are kept in. He took this box to his desk and unlocked it. Within, there lay another box. From the way he lifted it one might suppose that it was rather weighty. It was, for it was lead, one-half inch thick.

Inside the box lay less than a thimbleful of a coarse white powder. Very carefully he transferred the contents of the lead box to one of the pans on the scales. Then he began to counterbalance the radium by placing weights on the other pan. He finally balanced the pans. He then took from his desk a lead capsule about the size of a man's thumb. He poured the radium—for such was the powder—into the capsule and sealed the edges with sealing wax. He next returned the radium and container to the lead casket.

He then computed the weight of the radium, checked his readings, and made out a bill for seventeen thousand, eight hundred, fifty dollars, to the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore.

That afternoon, a stout, red-faced individual received the lead capsule with its precious contents, and went out.

The same night, Stafford saw Dodderton at the club, and asked him chaffingly, "Well, how much radium have you bought to-day, old man? If you want to corner the market, I'll lend you some money. But you can't buy mine, for I've sold my supply. I'll give you a tip, out in California the Leland Stanford University has a few grains; maybe they'll sell."

"Is that so?" quietly answered Dodderton, while his eyes twinkled brightly.

When Stafford arrived at his offices the next morning, a little Frenchman greeted him. "Monsieur, I have come from France to buy some radium, our supply is woefully lacking and we need it for our soldiers' wounds. Will you sell me some?"

"I would gladly do it, but yesterday, I sold my entire stock to an American hospital. If I can get any for you I will let you know. Give me your address and I'll do my best for you."

"Here is my card, Monsieur, and the French Government will pay whatever you ask, only get us radium." With these words he left.

A week passed and although he scoured the country, he could buy no radium—the entire supply, not over four ounces, being used by experimenters in hospitals and laboratories.

Then suddenly, thinking about the consignment Baltimore had received, he dictated a letter to them. While he was doing this a man entered his office and without introduction spoke to Stafford.

He looked German, and his speech confirmed the supposition. "Ach, Herr Stafford, vill you buy from me this radium? I vonce vas rich, but now, ach, my laboratory iss eating avay my money, I hadt this radium from Deutschland, but I must part with it. I need money to help me. I am inventing a substitute for gasoline, to drive your motor-cars. This radium is worth to you twenty thousand dollars, not?" He then opened an envelope and poured out the radium on the desk. "See, it is not much. You can sell that for much more than you buy it. Take it, please, and relieve me, a poor German chemist."

The radium was a godsend to Stafford, who bought it, thinking that he could get a large price for it from the French Government.

He recalled the letter to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and left his office for the day.

When the two weeks agreed to by Dodderton were up, Stafford went to the club and began to chaff Dodderton on his inability to carry out his boast.

"Where do you get the idea that you have anything on me?

"I watched all the radium sales and you didn't buy any, that's where I get the idea."

"He laughs best who laughs last," interposed Dodderton. "I have here a cheque executed by one John Stafford for twenty thousand dollars in payment for a supply of radium. I have also a communication from the same John Stafford stating that he had a supply which he could sell to the French Government. Also several perfectly useful disguises by which I obtained not one-half his radium, but all of it, and by which I sold him, at a profit, his own radium. You neglected, you know, to wait for a written order from Johns Hopkins, or to see the messenger's credentials when you gave him the radium."

The loud guffaws of their friends cut the boastful promoter deeply, and compelled him to admit that he had been beaten in his own field at his own game.

The 1B

By Burke Boyce.

HE looked very little, and lonesome, and lost, as he stood in the big front corridor of Pemberton High School that first Monday in September. This was the first time he had ever entered the big high school, and he didn't know where to go or what to do. Tom Kennedy, Pemberton's famous full-back, who was walking around the corridor "just to see how the old school looked," saw his dazed expression and took pity on him.

"You a 1B kid?"

"Yes, sir."

"All the 1B's are to go to the auditorium. Come on, I'll show you the way."

When they reached the auditorium, the 1B looked up at his guide with a grateful expression.

"Thanks, mister," he said, "I'll help you some day."

"That's very kind of you," replied Tom, trying to look serious, and he went on his way, chuckling.

* * * * * *

It was the middle of November, and Pemberton High was in a great state of excitement. And why shouldn't it be? For was not the biggest football game of the season to be played the very next day? Yes, and a state championship game, too!

Our friend, the 1B, now grown accustomed to the sights and sounds of a big school, was pervaded with the same restless energy that filled everyone. He wandered aimlessly about; now into the auditorium, which was filled with groups of boys and girls eagerly discussing their hopes and fears for the morrow; next into the corridor, a regular kaleidoscope of humanity; then downstairs to the candy room, where he supplied himself well. But suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten to put his sneakers in his locker, and he hurried down to the locker room for that purpose. While he was there, he heard two boys enter the room.

"Yes," one was saying, "I want to take Janet Browning to the class dance Thursday night, but I know she'll go with Kennedy, and I don't know how to manage it."

"Why don't you tell Janet that Tom has asked someone else to go to the dance with him?" suggested the other boy. "Then she'll get mad, and go with you to spite him."

"That's a pretty good scheme, I guess I'll try it," remarked the first one.

They passed on to the back of the room, and the 1B heard no more. He would have told Kennedy about the plot, but he was only a 1B, and anyway, it was none of his business, so he just forgot about the whole affair.

The 1B may have forgotten, but others did not.

The scheme worked to perfection. That was why, when Tom Kennedy approached Janet to ask her to go to the dance with him, he received a haughty stare and an icy silence. But Tom was not to be discouraged so easily.

"I say, Janet," he asked, "what's the matter anyhow? Why the withering glances?"

"You needn't try to be humorous, Mr. Kennedy," she replied. "You know perfectly well what is the matter. If you want to take another girl to the dance, all right, but don't come around and ask me, too."

"But Janet, I—"

But he was talking to thin air.

* * * * * *

The great day came at last, and all the school turned out to see the game. The grand stand was packed to its fullest capacity, and provided a wonderful background for the scene, the dark blues and browns of the boys' suits being relieved by the bright spots of color that always mark a group of high school girls. Suddenly someone shouted, "Here they come!" and the crowd in the grand stand rose as one person, sending forth a loud cheer of welcome for the Pemberton team, as they trotted onto the field. If you had been watching carefully, you would have seen Kennedy turn and scrutinize the grand stand eagerly, but the wave with which Janet always greeted him was not forthcoming to-day, so he turned his thoughts to the game with a sigh.

And, indeed, the game was one which would require all his mental and physical energy, for the opposing team was strong, heavy and quick, and was certainly an opponent worthy of Pemberton's steel. Therefore Tom told himself that he would not think about the way Janet was acting, but would center all his thoughts on playing hard.

The whistle blew, and the teams went into action. Pemberton's opponent, Raleigh High School, kicked off, and a moment later the Pemberton quarter-back went down under a pile of players. Something like a groan went up from the Pemberton rooters. They were not accustomed to having their quarter-back go down so speedily.

For the first quarter neither side made much of a gain, although at one time the Raleigh team got near enough to try for a field goal. However, the try failed, and Kennedy soon kicked the ball out of the danger zone. By this time the watchers in the stands had begun to notice that something was the matter with Kennedy. He was giving very poor interference, and whenever he got the ball he went down as soon as tackled. As this was the exact opposite of Kennedy's usual tactics, the Pemberton rooters were rather worried. His team-mates had also noticed Kennedy's bad playing, and at the end of the first quarter, the quarter-back came over to where Kennedy was standing.

"Look here, Tom," he began, "you'll have to play better than you have been doing. You are the mainstay of the whole team, you know, and if you begin to play rotten football, what do you suppose will happen to the rest of us? Now, for the love of Mike, brace up and play, and do your mooning afterwards."

"All right," answered the full-back, but he was looking towards Janet as he spoke.

The next quarter was terrible. The Raleigh team advanced steadily toward the goal line, despite the frantic pleas of the Pemberton quarter-back for his team to brace up. Kennedy's poor playing seemed to have disheartened them all. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the other team approached the goal, and finally, amid the loud cheers of its rooters, made a touchdown. The goal was not kicked.

Tom Kennedy came into the dressing room at the end of the first half amid the frowns of his team mates, but he seemed to be oblivious to everything. He sought out a quiet corner of the room and, sinking his head in his hands, refused to listen or talk to anyone. About the middle of the intermission between the halves, the door opened and our 1B friend walked in. Nobody stopped him, for he was one of the water-carriers for the team, having been appointed at Kennedy's request. He walked over to his friend's side amid the warnings of the other players.

"Look out, kid, he'll bite you!"

"He's vicious to-day, kid, I'd leave him alone."

"Be careful, he might throw you out of the window."

Kennedy looked up as the 1B approached.

"Have you come to tell me how rotten I am, too?" he asked.

"No, I have a note for you," replied his young friend, handing it to him as he spoke.

Kennedy eagerly opened the note. This is what he read:

Dear Tom:

I will be glad to accompany you to the dance Thursday night. Explain later. Apologies. Play with all your might.

JANET.

"Gee, kid, when did she give you this?" inquired Kennedy.

The 1B then explained the whole affair to Kennedy. How, as he was wondering what was the matter with his friend, he suddenly had remembered the conversation that he had overheard in the locker room. How he had guessed that that was what was troubling Kennedy, and how he had gone and explained to Janet. When he had finished, Kennedy put out his hand.

"Put it there, kid," he exclaimed, "you're the wisest little 1B I've ever known."

The rest of the story is plain. You don't need to be told how Kennedy played like a madman during the rest of the game; how he blocked play after play. How he gained yard after yard for his own team; for the quarter-back saw that he was anxious to make up for his bad playing in

(*Continued on page 28.*)

It Happened in Slowtown

SLOWTOWN was a village. Of course, one could proceed with the story with just that introduction, but one must pause and enlighten the "gentle reader" as to what kind of village Slowtown was. It was just the ordinary sort of village you bump into on your vacation—rather, the kind that your family pumps you into. Funny, isn't it, how the family prefer an entombed summer in the country to an exciting one (at times) at the shore?

Well, *vorwärts,* as they say in France. There were few respects in which Slowtown differed from any other country place of its size. There one could find the habitual long-in-need-of-paint houses, with wash constantly on the clothes line, weeds on the garden paths, and shutters on the blink. There are the dwellings of the near-rich, dwellings often devoid of style, but never of ornament. There, too, was the inevitable business center, without which no village is complete. This last item was composed of one blacksmith shop, one drug store, one grocery store with post office attached, one depot, and about one score of loafers, whose chief aim in life was to sit around in everyone's way, borrow (?) everyone's tobacco, and while thus engaged, rip everyone else up the back. Church services held weekly were a matter of interest to young and old alike, for on the holy day was everyone given an opportunity to meet, and discuss local matters with everyone else, and whether Mrs. Brown made the same remarks to Mrs. Jones about the latter's hat as she did to Mrs. Smith about the same hat, what mattered it? There are opinions and opinions, and there are always hats on which to express them.

In this atmosphere lived Elizabeth Woods. She was a moderately pretty girl, with long mouse-colored hair, and, contrary to fiction, large feet. However, daintly tripping feet are not essential if one has a sunny disposition—which Elizabeth had.

This disposition she did not inherit from her father. He was one of the queerest men in the place. His hobby was lizards, his occupation, professor of zoology. Off his den he had had a small room built, wherein he had placed some thirty or more lizards, large, medium, and small, and in this reptile-infested room was he wont to spend his time when he was not drumming into his pupils the how's and why's and wherefore's of an alley-rabbit. The professor was very particular as to what company his daughter kept, and would let only those with whom he was well acquainted call on her.

But one evening, when Elizabeth was washing dishes, and her father was reading the paper, the door bell rang. On going to the door Elizabeth found a young man standing on the porch, satchel in hand.

"Good evening," he said, "Can't I interest you in some safety appliances for doors? I have—"

"Well, step in and speak to father about it. Father, please see what this man wants."

Elizabeth went back hurriedly to finish the dishes, but soon came to the sitting-room after a few touches to dress and hair. Here she found that the salesman, Allen Thornton, could not make her father see the worth of his wares.

"Why, man, this lock is the only thing of its kind on the market! Nowhere, go you north, east, south or west, will you ever invest in anything so simple in workmanship, so practical, so inexpensive. This lock when applied to a door is guaranteed to keep burglars or intruders out of anything from a cheese to a munition factory. Now, by paying three dollars down and—"

"See here, Mr. Thornton, I've intimated in more than one way that to me this interview is over. Elizabeth, take the young man away. Show him the door—or the lizards—anything; only take him out of my sight!" And he retreated behind the Slowtown *Chronicle* once more.

But Elizabeth, following the time-honored custom of the weaker sex, gave the flustered young salesman the glance of appraisal. What she saw was a tall, deeply-tanned fellow, with a nose slightly pugged, big brown eyes and wavy hair. He was capable and trusty—in appearance at least—and the girl liked him immensely. So after the lizards had been duly inspected, they sat out on the porch in the cool of the summer's evening, and talked of all the things that young people will always find to talk about.

And so the summer wore on; drowsy sleep-inspiring days, and cool refreshing nights. It was on one of these nights that Allen spoke to Elizabeth those things with which his heart had been full since first he met her. He loved her, of course, but then Elizabeth had known that for some time. His hopes, plans for the future, were all poured forth to the sympathizing but silent Elizabeth.

"That's all very well," she said, at the end of his lengthy tirade, "but how do you ever suppose that my dad will tolerate as a son-in-law one whose position is so insignificant in his eyes? You must somehow show him your puissance or he will never give his consent, I know."

"Well, Liz, if you will help me put it through, I have a plan which I think will make your worthy guardian think more of Thornton & Sons safety catches than he does now," said Allen.

Naturally the fair damsel would agree to almost anything, for suitors are few and far between in Slowtown, and when one has attained the age of twenty-two, one fears that she will be

(*Continued on page* 28.)

THE ACROPOLIS

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Editor-in-Chief, IRVING GIBSON IDLER

Associate Editors, JULIA EVELYN CLARK, J. WARNER BELLAH

Circulation Manager, G. GREGORY

Business Manager, FRED STAUFFER

LITERATURE..... Albert Sachs, Ch., Margaret Jacoby, Althea Ward, Grace Thompson, Carol Ricketts

SCHOOL NEWS..... Carol Phillipi, Ch., Emily Allen, Alfred Lippman, Samuel Kudish, Emma Antz

ATHLETICS..... John Foster, Ch., Marco Angellilo, John Jennings, Josephine Florence

GRADUATE NOTES..... Elsie Dey, Ch., Josephine Rathbone, Louis Kaiser

PERSONALS..... Bess MacEvoy, Rufus Rickenbacher, Sanford Gregory, Norman Berry

EXCHANGES..... Ruth Cairnes, Ch., Helen Clarke

ART.....Theo Cooper

NEWARK, N. J., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1916.

A WORD.

Well, studes, the football season is well under way. We have on the gridiron the gamest team we have ever known. It is led by our popular, golden-topped captain, Bob Dempsey, and it is composed of past masters in the Mystic Order of Pig skin Lore. There is Ecker, Noble, DeHart, Duncan, Rhinehardt, Golinski, Juliano, Douthert, and Ritchie, who played in the Thanksgiving game last year, when Barringer wrested the Northern New Jersey Interscholastic championship from her ancient rival, East Orange. That was one great day for old Barringer! We are all looking forward to see that performance repeated. As the paper goes to press the boys have kept intact their splendid record of not being scored on this year. Present indications would point to them as the champs of both leagues. We feel every confidence in the team's ability to cope with the situation.

The football men are doing their part. But are you doing yours? Of course, you supply yourselves with arm-bands and pennants—you go to the mass meetings—you go to the games. But once at the games the B. H. S. spirit suddenly evaporates—vanishes into thin air. You have guessed it—it *is* the cheering, or to be more exact, the lack of cheering. Such straggly, disjointed moans must have a disheartening effect on the players. We do not mean to imply that every time a linesman recovers a fumble, or Ecker throws an opposing back to mother earth, or Captain Dempsey adds another six points to our score that you should jump up, and rave like a madman! Not so—gentle reader—you have us wrong.

We do not mean that you should acquaint yourselves with the reasons for which we place three lusty-lunged young cheer leaders up before you. It is not because we desire to have you ruminate on the latest thing in men's haberdashery. Do not imagine we supply those fellows with megaphones for the sole purpose of making "cute" remarks to their feminine friends in the grand

stands. They are up there in those conspicuous places and in last summer's white flannel trousers to secure *organized* cheering. You understand us—*organized* cheering. Why don't you give it to them?

Have you ever noticed when we gather in the auditorium for a mass meeting how well we cheer—how we all respond as a unit to the signals of the cheer leaders, and have you also observed that at a game only a very small proportion of these carefully trained enthusiasts indulge in that exercise of the larnyx effectively?

Now, people, you will all have an opportunity, Thanksgiving Day, November 30, 1916, at ten-thirty a. m. at Ashland Field, to prove us wrong. Go to it! Fellows, cheer, cheer, cheer—and then some—for the team! Go to it—team, fight, fight—and then some—for old Barringer.

AS TO GIRLS' DRESS.

(Boys, please do not read.)

In the magazine section of the November 12th issue of the Newark *Sunday Call,* many of us read with interest, not unmixed with amusement, an article on *Uniform Dress* for *High School Girls.* We admit it was a good "story." There was some attempt at stating both sides of the question, but the impression left in the reader's mind was decidedly unfair to the high school girl—at all events, to the Barringer girl.

Concerning the dress of the Barringer girl, I do not speak in ignorance. I know it is hygenic, appropriate, and in good taste. What more can one desire? We agree with our principal that an over-dressed girl in Barringer is the exception rather than the rule. Indeed!—Mr. Stearns is quoted as saying that he is able to count such instances on the fingers of one hand. Is that not remarkable, when you consider we have six hundred girls in Barringer?

The Barringer girl is wholesome, whole-souled, womanly. She does *not* lose her head in the matter of dress. She does *not* look with favor upon extreme styles. She does *not* indulge in "abbreviated silk skirts, transparent low-cut waists, alarming coiffures, and the alabaster nose."

She dresses for her job. She affects becoming, business like models—often of blue serge. She arranges her hair in a fashion simple, as it is pretty, for every one knows that the present-day coiffure has for its keynote, simplicity. Her use of powder has decreased greatly during the past six months—for we must admit that the powder habit was the Barringer girl's besetting sin against the canons of good taste. She has been taught that moderation is the keynote of gentility and she never consciously violates this law.

The Barringer girl realizes her opportunity for leadership. She understands that it is she who sets the standard which consciously or unconsciously forms the boy's ideals. She appreciates her responsibilities—a responsibility which extends even to her school dress.

The Barringer girl has no need of a school uniform to make her democratic, economical as to time and money, and appropriately costumed. She may be trusted always to wear the right thing at the right time.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION.

It was indeed gratifying to see the interest taken by Barringer boys and girls in the recent straw vote conducted by the Rostrum. The campaign managers of the political parties would have opened their eyes if they could have viewed the campaigning, enthusiasm, and confidence of the Barringer pupils. The result of the election in the school shows that the Barringer pupils have interested themselves in national questions, and have formed definite opinion on these questions. The result of the election shows also that the opinions of the Barringer students were almost equally divided. The exponents of Republicanism and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes proved the greater by just sixty-five votes. It may be interesting to note that both Hughes and Wilson carried twenty-one rooms each in the school. The Faculty was carried by Hughes. The girls showed the same enthusiasm as the boys which is as it should be, for female suffrage will soon be here.

The students voted for Mayor also, and freely expressed their views on how the city should be ruled. Mr. Thomas Raymond carried thirty-three rooms, a decisive majority. We congratulate the school on the excellent manner in which the election was conducted. It takes something like this to liven up the school and it would be well if we could have things like this more frequently.

In the larger National election on the following day Mr. Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President of the United States; so we take this opportunity to congratulate him and to express the hope that the ship of state will have a prosperous voyage, under his guidance, during the coming four years.

THE BARRINGER PREPAREDNESS MOVEMENT.

No active move has been made as yet by the Preparedness Committee. Lists of names of suitable candidates are being compiled by the committee, for the purpose of getting the best material, and of excluding the undesirable element. To quote Mr. Fields, "This movement is not a joke or a game. Those who are interested are the ones who are earnestly trying to fit themselves to serve their country in the fields in time of trouble."

Of course, the uncertainty of Chief's furlough is a great hindrance to the cause, but we hope

soon to have this settled. A movement was on foot to obtain the First Regiment Armory, and it met with some success, but as long as the organization numbers less than two hundred men we shall drill in our own gymnasium.

If any student is sufficiently interested, he may present his name to Mr. Fields and make application for enrollment.

In all probability the actual drilling will not begin until after Christmas.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ACROPOLIS, with the sanction of Mr. Barr, has decided to offer a pennant to the agent selling the greatest number of copies of the paper during the term.

The contest will be on a percentage basis. For example: A room has forty students, the agent sells thirty copies. His per cent. for the month will be seventy-five. Another room has thirty students and the agent sells thirty copies. His per cent. will be one hundred for the month. This is done to make the contest fair to all the agents. At the end of the term the total percentage of the agents will be compiled and the prize awarded.

In addition to this, to encourage friendly rivalry, a banner will be hung in the room buying the highest per cent. of copies. This banner will hang in the room until some other room buys more papers. If a room sells one hundred per cent. three months in succession, the banner will be permanently awarded to that room.

OUR CLUBS.

Barringer High School has the good fortune to have a large number of clubs formed for both social and intellectual betterment. There is no one in Barringer who is not eligible to membership in one or more of these clubs. There ought not to be one above the Freshman grade who is not a member of at least one of these clubs!

First there is the Rostrum. This organization conducts bi-weekly meetings at which debates are held on the most important of the present day questions. Mr. Barr in room 51 would be pleased to hear of anyone above the Sophomore grade, who is desirous of joining this organization.

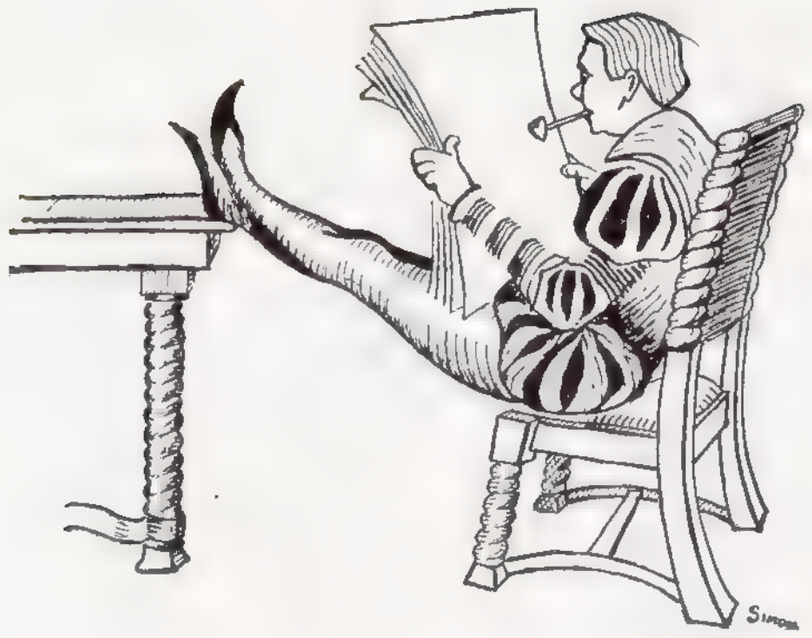
If your talents do not lean toward debating, perhaps you might make an excellent member of one of our Glee Clubs; if so, Miss Darnell in 39 would be pleased to have you send in your name. The Glee Club has been reorganized and under the careful supervision of Miss Darnell will doubtless be very successful.

Then we have the Italian Club, Jewish Literary Society, French Circle, German Club, Science Club, Wireless Club, the Thalians, our amateur Thespians, the Barringer Discussion Club, and the latest creation, the Curio Club. These clubs offer a wide variety of pleasant work and surely you must be interested in one or more. Don't be a wall flower! Mix in!! Get the true Barringer spirit!!!

HONOR ROLL.

(Partial List.)

Room 93. Florentine Jauss, Mildred Scheleter.
Room 81. Alice Dodge, Harriet James, Chandler Myers.
Room 76. Saul Jacobson.
Room 67. Edward King, Ethel Stilwell, Dorothy Van Emburg, Louis Zuckerman.
Room 65. Ethel Ambruster, Rose Aryan, Florence D'Auria, Evelyn Hugadorn, Blanche Halsey, Alice Keehner, Myra Kohn.
Room 59. Rose Froag, Dorothy Hedden, Muriel Reiss, Marguerite Rusby, Kathryn Wotiz, Burke Boyce, Joseph Costanzo, Joseph Crecca.
Room 55. Margaret Jacoby, Edith McEwen, Lillian Pomeroy, Harris Mendelson.
Room 51. Irving Ams, Helen Clarke, Edith Potaker, Katherine Wahl, Saul Zucker.
Room 45. Marion Alberts.
Room 43. Paul Gleim.
Room 61. Gladys Barton, Mary Fisher, Marion Smith, Grace Vogt.
Room 37. Louis Kanengieser, Fred Green.
Room 41. William Gleim, Edmund Cox.
Room 50. Walter Baker, Theresa Walsh, Marion Smith II, Isabelle Allen, Jean Judson.
Room 26. Mildred Hammell, Margaret Schneiter.
Room 25. Mildred Cozzone, Edith Miller.



SCHOOL NEWS

CAROL PHILLIPI, *Chairman*
ALFRED LIPPMAN
EMILY ALLEN
SAMUEL KUDISH
EMMA ANTZ

THALIANS.

The Thalians have begun in earnest their work for the year. At the first meeting of the term the following officers were elected: Stanley Jacobus, President; Margaret Jacoby, Vice-President; Judd Neal, Treasurer; Carol Phillippi, Secretary and Norman Hayes, Custodian. Fred Dehart and Celecia Rowe were elected to serve on the Executive Committee.

The organization is making plans for a big year, and expects to produce a play for the school and big play for the public.

All who saw the "Tradesman Turned Gentleman" know what the Thalians are capable of doing. They hope to make this year's play even more successful than that. In order to do so they must have the co-operation of the entire student body. May they count on you?

COLUMBUS DAY.

We celebrated our first legal holiday, Columbus Day, on October 11. Myra Kohn presented a very interesting paper upon why we should honor Columbus.

Then came the big surprise. Mr. Stearns announced that "Chief" Broadhead was back from "the border." And he wore his uniform!!!

We hope Chief understood that the welcome we gave him by our applause was only an echo of the welcome we felt within us.

Mr. Broadhead told about some of his experiences and the hardships the boys down there have to undergo.

The only fault we had to find was that he did not talk long enough to allow us to omit a period.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The Barringer Science Club held the first meeting of the fall term on October 18. An election of officers was held, resulting in the election of Norman Hayes for the Presidency, Mary Edsall, Vice-President; Joseph Mentz, Secretary; Thomas Urmy was chosen to serve as chairman of the Program Committee and Gladys Brown as chairman of the Membership Committee.

Our scientists are planning a series of very interesting meetings and it is hoped that the students of B. H. S. will show genuine interest in this society.

Ask those who were members last year, they will tell you how pleasant the meetings were and how much they gained by attending them.

THE BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT.

Several years ago one of the Senior A classes organized a movement known as the "Big Brother Movement." Since that time this has been carried on by each class in turn with a large degree of success. An entertainment has been held every term for the One B's and each Senior has had a number of Freshman sisters or brothers assigned to his care.

This year, owing to the large number of Freshmen, it has been necessary to have two sessions. This renders it impossible for the Seniors to give the usual entertainment as there is no time where all the Freshmen could attend.

In spite of this handicap, the Seniors have undertaken to carry on the movement and they will be more than glad to do all they can in the way of help or advice.

LA GIOVANTU SCOLASTICA.

When the first Italian Club meeting was announced this year, there responded to the call about seventy students, all of whom have applied for membership.

Previously the Italian Club was accustomed to hold its meetings at different members' houses, but now, since there is such a great number of members, it has been decided to hold the meetings in school.

The club is run on a purely democratic basis. It has no president, it has no vice-president, but it has a council of five to govern it. This council was elected at the first meeting, the members are Mr. Milwitzky, Grace Carlucci, Clara Lauzetta, John Pucillo and Morando DeFranzo.

At the same meeting the "Doctor" gave a very appropriate and interesting speech.

"La Giovantu Scolastica" expects to show up the other school clubs. They are already preparing a play which they will give in the near future.

JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Show your interest in public speaking and debating by coming out and joining the Rostrum. Here is a chance to take part in the debates and to express your opinions on current topics. If you are interested in belonging to this club, give your name to any one of the membership committee, Leopold Weinstein, Rufus Richenbacher, Emily Allen.

REPUBLICAN vs. DEMOCRAT.

On October 7, a very lively discussion was held in Room 69, on the subject: *"Resolved,* that the best interests of the United States would be served by the re-election of Wilson to the Presidency." Irving Ams, Emma Antz and Thomas Urmy were on the affirmative and Harold Keating, Julia Clark and Stanly Jacobus upheld the negative.

After hearing heated arguments on both sides, the judges, Mr. Losee, George Werner and Helen Bauchelle, finally decided in favor of the negative. After the debate, the meeting was thrown open for outside opinions. The next debate will be held November 21 on the subject: *"Resolved,* that the Adamson eight-hour law is for the best interests of the people of the United States." All come out to hear this debate!

BBBB

The 4-B Class met in Room 83, on Monday, October 30, for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers were elected:

President, Thomas Urmy; Vice-President, Julia Clark; Secretary, Margaret Jacoby; Treasurer, Romeyn Smith.

The second meeting of the term was held on November 9. The ring committee, Catherine Wahl, chairman; Ellsworth Wood, Marion Huff submitted several designs from which a ring and pin were chosen. The following committees were appointed by the President:

Color, Emily Allen, Chairman; Motto, Edith McEwen, Chairman; Song, Margaret Jacoby, Chairman.

It was decided to buy a complimentary space in the Senior ACROPOLIS.

The President appointed Julia Clark as head of the Sociable Committee with the following sub-committee heads.

Invitation and Reception, Anna Coffin: Refreshment, Marie Poland; Entertainment, Margaret Jacoby.

The meeting closed with great plans for the future.

SENIOR HISTORY CLASSES.

Owing to the size of the senior class in Ancient History this year, it has been thought advisable to divide it between Mr. Gilman and Mr. Haggett. But Mr. Gilman was very desirous of retaining the identity of the class and has accordingly planned a series of meetings for the two classes on their regular period. The first of these meetings was held on Friday, October 20th, in Room 65. The program at that time was furnished by members of Mr. Gilman's class. There were four papers presented, each dealing with some phase of the work already covered. The names of the speakers and their topics follow: Saul Zucker, "The Delphic Oracle"; Mary Poland, "Development of the Greek Drama"; Rufus Rickenbacker, "The Battle of Marathon"; Albert Sachs, "Contrast of Spartan and Athenian Culture." A general discussion of the first topic followed the presentation of the papers. The value of such meetings is three-fold. In addition to preserving the unity of the class, there is the value of outside reading and the practice in public speaking.

DER DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

Die erste Versammlung des Deutschen Vereins fand am 27. October statt. Die folgenden Beamten fuer dieses Semester wurden erwaehlt: Joseph Mentz, Praesident; Helen Clark, Stellvertreterin; Rufus Rickenbacker, Schriftfuehuer; Irving Ams, Berichtstatter fuer die ACROPOLIS; Helen Bauchelle, Vorsitzerin des Vergnuegungsausschusses.

Plaene fuer eine Reise nach New York um im Deutschen Theater ein Deutsches. Spiel zu sehen wurden besprochen. Herr Dr. Hans Mueller, Gymnasialehrer aus Berlin, soll eingeladen werden um Deutsche Volkslieder zum Vortragzubringen.

NEWARK DAY EXERCISES.

Newark Day exercises were held in the auditorium on the afternoon of Monday, November 6. Stanley Jacobus gave a talk on "The Pioneers of To-day," and Margaret Jacoby recited the poem "The Pioneers."

A collection was taken for the tablet to be erected by the Schoolmen's Club.

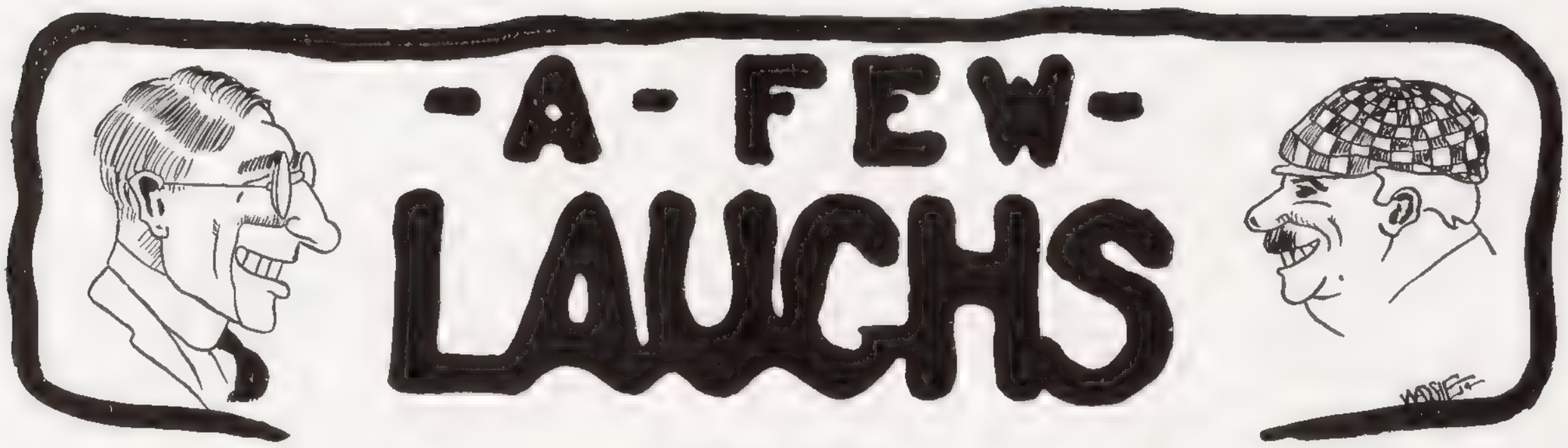
AAA.

At the regular meeting of the 3A's on October 10, the following officers were elected: President, Raymond Terhune; Vice-President, Ruth Knipe; Treasurer, Charles Pilling; Secretary, Elizabeth Bethard.

3B ORGANIZES.

The Class of June, 1918, held their first meeting Tuesday, October 17, for the purpose of organizing. Miss Pullin, class adviser, gave a brief talk on the purpose of organizing and the benefits derived from doing so in our junior B term. Alfred Lippman was appointed chairman *pro tem,* and Marguerite Schlueter secretary *pro tem.* Despite the fact that the members of the class were bashful about making nominations, the following constitutional committee was selected: Dorothy Rickenbacker, Dorothy Taylor, Etta Bender, Lois Miler, Ruth Cairns, Robert

(*Continued on page* 30.)



EDITORS: { BESS MACEVOY, *Ch.*
NORMAN BERRY
SANFORD GREGORY
RUFUS RICKENBACHER }

CASHIMURA NOGA.

Hon. Jap. School Boy comes to B. H. S.
(With apologies to Wallace Irwin.)

To Ed. of Acrop.:

Dear Ed.:

I am 1 Bees to B. H. S. I have ammunitions of being ACROPOLISER. * * * I retaliate a story. 1 fine day I come runningly B. H. S.-ward in order to be more early than late for Noga have scrofulas against defenshunsroom. I capulate self across Ridge Sts. and see speedily arriving Nogawaras on ashfelt landscape, Hon. P. Fordsters fliving to B. H. S. with tunnel of fliv full with Johns. Hon. P. yell words inquiringly if it is my wish that Hon. Noga walk runningly schoolwards or repose tranquility in tunnel of Hon. P.'s fliv.

Hon. Noga (*i. e.*, that's I'm) make recompense by taking leaping run to jumping board of fliv. But when Jap. schoolboy arrive at Jumping Borde, Hon. Jumping bord remaining with fliv is twenty yds. nearer to B. H. S. than Hon. Noga (*i. e.*, that's I'm).

Howsomefor Hon. Noga recoverate books of studying and give ha, ha, to self and proceed footly to B. H. S. entering 1stly by center-door, wherefor being requesitioned to rexit by hon. prof. he enter correctly by 1 side door of use to stude.

Having feel of lateness he make gallop movement up corrigator obtaining vilent collisioning with Hon. Stern, who renig to Noga, "What for you do" with cholic expresshun, further multiplying "Go to off ice" which hon Cash. proceed to accomplish.

Having arriv at friggy atmosfere of off ice Noga obtain hon. chair.

Soonly Hon. Deenlacy enquisitale "For why you come?"

Noga replicate: "I have misfortunate association hon. prince-pull Stern, and he make rigorous command that Noga place self at off-ice, wich I have went."

She affect "Tarry hitherward until reprocedure of Mistus popstern."

Soonly Hon. Noga observe pupuls to go for sing to Hon. Stern & Hon. Darnelllady for morning exertions.

Hon. Deenlady have went, so idea approach brain of Noga, and nock for ommission.

Why not can't go out Hon. Stern and information that hon. Jap schoolboy desires to leave office.

With quickly agilness, Noga proceedure to Awdeetorum (*i. e.*, sing room), and promenate down Isle of middle to topness of platfrom and announce to Hon. Stern "Noga have beleive that Hon. Stern have negligated to rememberate that he have informate hon. Jap schoolboy to sit in off ice, * * * Hon. Noga have honor expreme to presence self to Hon. popstern."

Stude cease from mumbling and present ha, ha, to Noga. Hon. Stern say 3 word "go to off ice."

Now Noga is misfortunate to have indefined defenshun, Hoping you are sameness, I am,

CASHIMURA NOGA,
Hon. B. H. S. schoolboy.

P. S.—Soonly I account conspirences in 41 Room Hon. A. V. T. Lat. class.—C. N.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings have intelligibility and veracious vivacity. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity and verbosity.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, and truthfully. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say; and don't use big words.

PERSONALS.

Teacher—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Hart?

McKensie—No, sir, his room was locked.

Teacher—Why didn't you wait?

McKensie—There was a sign on his door saying: "Return at Once."

Mr. Metzer—Please don't use the active voice.
Walton—According to that, I keep still.

Sophomore—Then Cæsar brought forth four veterinary legions.

Margaret Poland—We really should go to the Board meeting.
Regina Cairns—So we should. We're each a splinter.

SAFETY FIRST.

3A Class Notice: Don't pay dues to Dunn. He's going to Canada next week.

Mr. Stearns: If the boy that came to the office this morning for an identification card comes this afternoon, he will get *his*.

IN ROOM 45.

The number of days a man works depends on the amount of money he gets.

AN URGENT PLEA FOR AN EARLIER LUNCH PERIOD.

"Fat" Bradley—Golly, I'm so hungry I can feel my skeleton.

Teacher (asking for Latin construction)—Walton, *didicisse?*
Walton (absent mindedly)—Maybe he did but I wasn't there.

Miss Poland (translating)—"The man walked along on his foot."

---

5 little paragraphs not prepared,
4 little freshies badly scared,
3 little minutes were they spared
2 little ponies quickly shared,
1 little Prof. was not ensnared,
0 for the lesson was how they fared.—*Ex.*

Barling (at swimming practice)—Golly, my *right* ear is full of water.
Kilgus—All you have to do is blow in your *left* ear, the water will come out the *right*. Not a thing to stop it.

IN 45.

Mr. Johnson—What right have you to draw that line?
Foster—Who's going to stop me?

Mr. Johnson—I've never liked this Trig. book.
Beek—Peculiar—neither have I.

Midge Short—Hey, Regina, who was the man who had the epitaph and died?

Kolodin (in 45)—Taking the proportion by alteration you can get the right answer.

ANALYZING SENTENCE IN 55.

Miss Phillippi—Subject, jester—verb, struck—object, Carol.

Margaret Poland doesn't like to walk around the corridors on Tuesdays. She says everybody is in the gym.

MISS FARREL, RECITING IN 55.

He holds him with his skinny eye!

1B IN CORRIDOR.

What do I care for money? Gee, I often buy jelly beans.

"Dotty had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time when Sammy came
The little lamp went out."

Ed. Barney was terribly sore at the Personal Department last month, so we won't dare mention his name in this issue.

BARRINGER MOVIES.

Hulda From Holland.....Helen Hale
The Scarlet Letter.....That six on your card
The Combat.....Barringer versus East Orange
Less Than Dust.....Our Little One B's
The Raven.....Ravin'? Our political speakers
Count 'Em.....Games we have won
Scarlet Runner.....Dempsey on the field
Such a Little Queen.....Elsie Dey
Behind the Scenes.....Faculty meeting
Where Are My Children?.....That's what Mr. Stearns would like to know of the "Hookey" players.

PERSONALS.

Quarter back (calling out signals)—28, 32, 29.
Player (who worked in a tailor shop during the summer)—Top or side pockets, sir?

Lawshe—When can a chicken join our school orchestra?
Neal—Spring it.
Lawshe—When he has his corn ate! (cornet).

Miss Ten Eyck, a young lady from Woodside,
Once wished that she might become cross-eyed,
For then, quoth she,
When they call upon me,
The teacher and book would coincide.

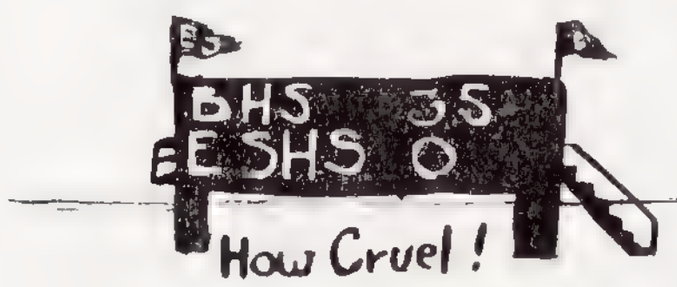
Teacher—Izon, do you know that memory exercise yet?
(Jimmie does not realize the question at once.)
Teacher (continuing)—You are a very lazy boy, do you know it?
J. Izon—I know half of it.

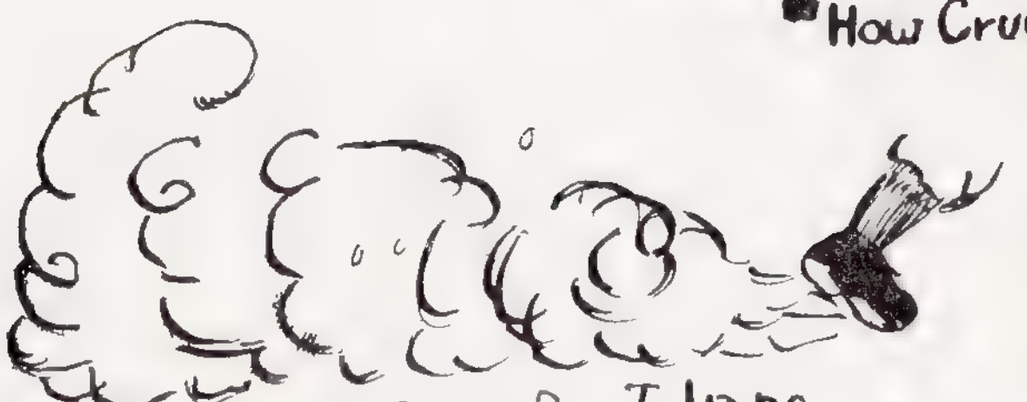
Dempsey, November ninth—He who laughs last, laughs best.
Foster—You mean, he who laughs last, irritates.

! ! !

YE OLD CLIFTON LINE

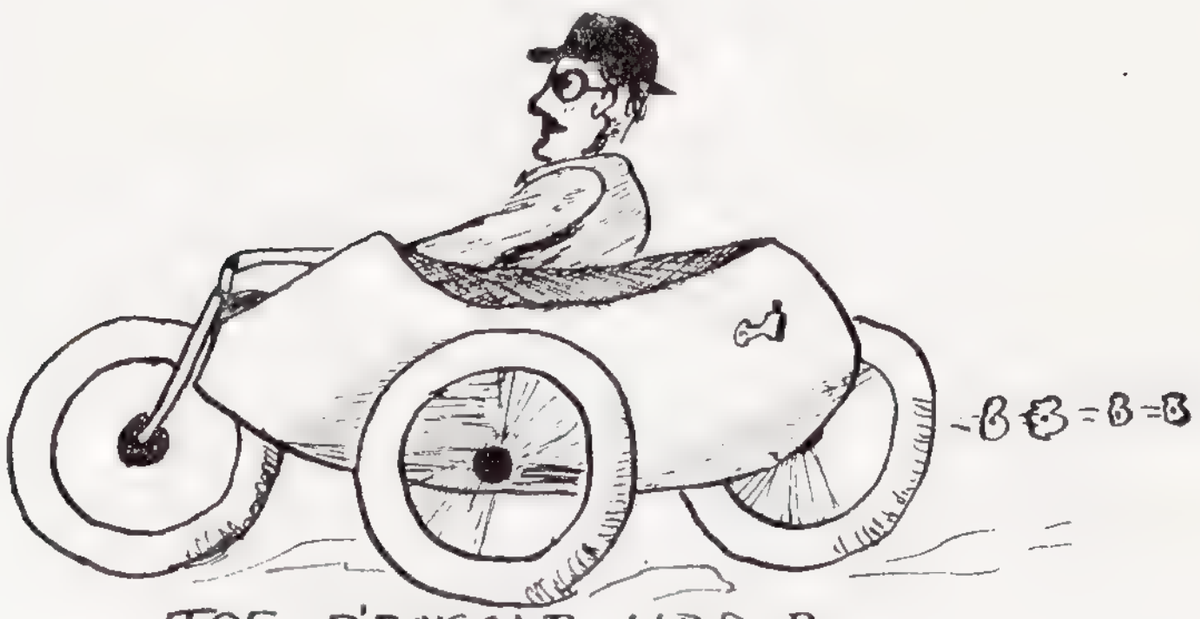
ELECTION DAY





All E.S. saw of Juliano when he got in Motion

"Red" Dempsey was There in all his "beauty".



JOE D'ANGOLA HAD A GOOD TIME ANYWAY!

TED. COOPER

Miss Smith, as coin drops during voting, "No bribing, class, at elections."

SOME AMMUNITION.

Helen Halleck—Was Lincoln shot out of office?

"Jo." Rathbone—My lands, no! He was shot in a theatre.

We hear Anna McCarren is learning to take a *pill* quite readily.

Burton Barling's new Hobb-y is putting Dots all over everything!

First Prof.—I notice that Dashemoff, the great Russian, has been taken sick suddenly. I wonder what they call it?

Second Prof.—A stroke of genius, I suppose.

Father—I'll send you through college on one condition, and that is—

Daughter—Aw, gee, no, pa! Minnie wrote she got three in one semester. Be liberal!

4B HISTORY.

Teacher—After Columbus returned to Spain his influence waned and he began to slip.

Bright One—Was that the reason they put the chains on him?

'18—Wonder why Vera wears a wrist watch?

P. G.—Dunno. Oughta be a speedometer, eh?

As Perry passed in front of two little 1B's.

"Gee, Willie, I hope we get this fellow for at least one subject."

Miss Hill—Can you see that plane, Dempsey?

Bob—Very.

Singing Teacher—What is six flats?

Student—A tenement.

Casler—I love its gentle warble,
And I love its gentle flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go.

Pupil (explaining a passage from Ivanhoe)—The miller lost his head and swung it around him.

IN ROOM 26.

Prof—What is the meaning of the word *mole?*

Chem. Student—*22.4 liters.*

She was crocheting the edge on a white handkerchief.

"What is the color of that?" she was asked.

"White, of course," she answered.

"Why, no. It's 'crow-shade.'"

NOTICE.

Anyone wishing to know how to reduce gas bills apply to Kilgus or Abbott.

First 1B—Gee! You should have seen the look that fellow gave Barney.

Second 1B—He didn't give it to him, he always had it.

Kilgus (in Physics)—When they took down an old gas pipe in our house they took a pint of water out of it.

Bobby Connor—The gas company gave you liquid gas.

Teacher—The early savages used to count on their fingers.

Barney—What did they do after counting 10?

Connor—They took off their shoes.

Idler—Gee, a fellow in our room lost 5 beans.

Bellah—How's that?

Idler—Why, they rolled off his knife.

Mackenzie (to Walton who has fallen down the stairs)—You'll find sympathy in the dictionary.

NOTICE BEWARE.

St. Peter (to former student)—Did you buy the ACROPOLIS?

Stude—No.

St. Peter—Then you haven't qualified for this place.

Science Teacher—By what system does the blood flow through the body?

Boob—The Solar System.

NOTICE.

To all who can't see through these jokes—Mr. Dumm will loan the miscroscope to anyone who needs it.

The ACROPOLIS respectfully inquires if Carrington was a bottle baby?

3B—Don't you think Lippman is a good talker?

3A—Yes, he does live up to his name.

First 1B—Gee, I know a swell way to get out of detention.

Second 1B (eagerly)—How?

First 1B—Just cry and the teacher will let you go.

Sachs—Let's all go up in a body.

(Why not take an elevator?)

Even if Kilgus got wet helping Mr. Jayson, he got his face washed.

Mr. Barr—Is Leek here?
Stude—No, he just leaked out.

Cheer Leader—Come on. Give them a "Bean Soup."
Voice in Crowd—Who'll wash the dishes?

Prof.—How do you feel, Miss Florence?
Josephine—With my fingers. Exit.

1B—Where do we take gym?
Prof.—Don't take it any place. Leave it where it is.

1B to Teacher—I feel sick.
Teacher—Go tell Mr. Fields to give you a medicine ball.

Miss Clark—Emily, what one of Johnson's works do you like the best?
Miss Allen—Why, the "Idler" naturally.

Miss Noble—Pope lived with the nobles.
Stude—He didn't live with you.

Boyce—Gee, I don't see why I got 5; everything is right but the answer.

Thorne (in pugnacious attitude)—Yes, my father's an undertaker, and I am going to start in and get him some business.

Prof.—What's the difference in meaning between gormandizer and huge eater?
Stude—Why, a huge eater eats everything in front of him, but a gormandizer just shovels it down.

Casler—Why are a poor man and a baker alike?
Ten Eyck—Gee, I dont' know.
Casler—Well, they both (k)nead the dough.

Prof.—What is a circle?
Stude—A round straight line.

Teacher—Paraphrase, does not Brutus bootless kneel.
Stude—Does not Brutus kneel without his shoes?

Williams—When has a pupil an axe to grind?
Bellah—When he laughs at the teacher's jokes.

Weinberg—What are you going to write on?
Corkill—Paper.
Weinberg—I mean what are you going to write about?
Corkill—About a page.

Chief—Did you take a shower bath?
Cooper—Why? Are any missing?

Prof.—What are the five great races (of mankind)?
Student—The 100 the 440, the 880, the mile and the hurdle.

Glee Club Member—We ought to practice in the gym.
Mr. Fields—You can't change the gym into a sawmill.

Teacher—Do you take Latin?
Carrington—Yes, why do you want to know?

Stude—How do you translate this Latin?
Boyce—Gee, any boob could do it. Give it to me.

Walton—What are the fine points of a piano?
Nordling—Well?
Walton—They are square, upright and grand.

Ten Eyck—I drank a pitcher full of water this noon.
Casler—You mean you drank it empty.

WANTED.

Some singers for the Glee Club.

Teacher (to aspirant for Art Dept.)—What can you draw?
Candidate—I guess I could draw a salary.

Prof.—Now, I want "Silence" for an hour after school.
Voice in rear—Sorry, but he isn't here to-day.

Carrington—I guess I won't go to the gym this noon, for dancing. I don't want to pay for a pair of shoes for some girl.

IN 25.

Stude (translating)—They stole her from her rings.

Miss Keehner (in German Class)—He heard the bleating of the cows.

Stickel—Is there any sugar in your heart?
Werner—No.
Stickel—Yes, there is. Haven't you got a sweet-heart?

HEARD IN 1B SCIENCE.

Teacher—Name some things which contain iron.
1B—An apple.
Teacher—Why, how is that?
1B—Well, doesn't the core get rusty after you throw it away.

Prof.—Mathematics or other sciences are not exact, for instance you can't prove 1 + 1 = 2.

Kilgus—Well, common sense shows you that.

Casler—Well, you can't prove that you've got common sense.

3A WISDOM.

3A (trying to give a Latin form)—Minni-minni minni.

Teacher—Minnie, who?

Voice in rear (after laughter subsided)—Minnehaha.

POLITICS.

Wilson 1 (won).
Raymond 2 (two).
Gillen 021 (ought to (have) won).
Hughes 0212 (ought to (have) won too).

CAUGHT.

Prof.—"With" isn't a good word to end the sentence with.

Judge—Have you told the truth?

Prisoner—Yes, the truth, the whole truth, and everything but the truth.

Student (picking up a comb)—This comb ought to visit the dentist.

Sachs—Well, if Wilson gets elected we'll have to get used (Hughes) to him.

Teacher—Give syntax of domi.

Miller (with rising inflection)—Place where?

Teacher—Line 18.

Jennings—Gee, that's a huge (Hughes) joke.

BEFORE THE ELECTION.

Dempsey wants to know if the Electoral College has a football team.

Yes, Dempsey, Wilson left end and Hughes left out.

Prof.—Why did they call Gen. Jackson "Old Hickory"?

Stude—I guess it was because he was so tough.

1B—Who wrote Franklin's autobiography?

Kilgus—I have to write a theme on ignorance.

Ecker—Who could be more competent?

What's the idea of having an alarm clock?

Why, all you have to do is pull the lever and wake yourself.

English Teacher—You are speaking foolishly.

Well, I should think you could understand me.

What makes the ocean angry?

Because it has been crossed so often.

IN GYM.

Regina Cairns—What could have happened to my shoes? They've disappeared.

Frances Beucke—Walked away, probably. Weren't they English walking shoes?

Judd Neal (with an idea to kid Red)—I think I have seen you somewhere.

As ever Edgar—No doubt, I have been there often.

To Freshmen—It is a good thing to have an iron constitution, but a mighty bad thing to have a wooden head, especially in Barringer.

Bob MacKensie—Hey, Beek, do you snore in your sleep?

Beek Schaeffer—Darned if I know. I never stayed awake long enough to find out.

A Chinaman is never perplexed. He always has his cue.—*Ex.*

Prof.—Lawshe, what was Joan of Arc made of?

Thurston (half awake)—Of-of-Orleans.

Teacher—If you have a complex sentence in Latin, how many verbs does it have to have?

2B—Perhaps one, perhaps more.

Teacher in Latin—It is not the logic of Cicero's first oration, but his fine choice of words that has cast a spell over this class and others.

Teacher—Supposing you should wear your cravat in back instead of in front, what would be the effect?

Voice in rear—Emphatic!

Mr. Taylor—What is the antecedent of "gin"?

Stude—You.

A. V. T.—*I am not an antecedent.*

What is the subject of "videre"?

Stude—You, understood.

A. V. T.—*No, I'm not understood.*

Latin Teacher—That mode is archaic?

What do you think archaics are—ginger snaps?

Rathbone (translating Latin)—Six rivers flowed down his chin.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Dumm—I always break the first test-tube in the experiment, but the second one always works all right.

Feller (would-be 4A)—Why don't you use the second one first?

Teacher—All those who didn't bring their books will have to suffer. Rieman, read to-day's lesson.

Rieman—I'm suffering.

IN 55.

Teacher—Now, which of these two passages do you think the more forceful?

Mentz—The third.

Miss Cairns—Oh, I have lost my voice.

IN HISTORY.

On what grounds did the South base her right of secession?

Greifinger—On her fertile soil.

Teacher—Tomorrow I am going to ask the whole class to translate the review.

Rickenbacher—It'll make some racket.

Shalit (translating Latin)—Snatching his sword from his dagger—

IN 55.

Miss Coult—Is the mind abstract or concrete?

Gianettino—I'm going to speak on prohibition.

Lippman—Oh, that's too dry.

DeFronzo (in Latin Class)—If anyone wants to fight with a cruel boxing glove—

Infant 1B to Kuehnle—Say, do you know when your feet get cold?

AT BOOK STORE.

Donrano—Is this a free translation?

Proprietor—No, thirty cents, please.

Soph.—Say Freshie, your head is like a stack of hay.

Freshie—Well, that accounts for all the jackasses around me.

IN GYM.

Is there any four here that has five in it?

And they all laughed!

Miss Denton—Why is that tree called the *weeping*-birch?

Mr. Noll—Because it has *cut* leaves.

IN PHYSICS.

Teacher to Dempsey—What is the advantage of the 8-cylinder engine over the 4-cylinder engine?

Red—Why-a, you increase the speed, but you don't go any faster.

IN SHOP.

Foster to Walhauser—Mr. Stonsifer, will soon have youse (Hughes) in the Detention Room.

Mr. Stonsifer—I will, soon (Wilson).

Neal to Ten Eyck—Is the *ink-well?*

Terrey—No, it has the *blues*.

Barney—This is a *left*-handed fountain pen, and that's why it wont *write* (right).

Miss Osborne (translating)—Caesar himself surrounded the two men.

Broadway might be called Bread Street, because there are so many *loafers* there.

Teacher—What is the best thing to do when a ship is sinking?

Kilgus—Throw the cargo overboard.

Teacher—Yes, what should be done when all of the cargo and ballast has been thrown out?

Red—Throw the ship overboard.

IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Teacher to Wherett—What was the origin of Methodism?

Wherett—A group of students at Oxford began to celebrate Lent.

ROOM 31.

Miss Weeks (translating)—The claw disappeared in his pocket and walked away.

IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Teacher—What was one of England's possessions in India?

Condit—Bom-Bom Bav.

IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

Teacher to Miss Bradley—Who discovered the Mississippi river?

Agnes (who apparently has been napping)—Romeo and Juliet.

ATHLETICS

EDITORS: JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
MARCO ANGELLILO
JOHN JENNINGS
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE
EDGAR KILGUS

OUR SWIMMING TEAM.

The time for all candidates to report for swimming practice is here. Some of you will take this very lightly, but those of you who know Barringer, her spirit, and her reputation, will do all in your power to encourage new boys to try for places. You all know that there are places on any team for the boys who will try their best, for perfection only comes with practice. The team this year is of championship calibre, composed mostly of boys who have earned their pins in past battles and who are trying once more to add more glory to Barringer's name. Among this number Captain Barling stands out prominently, being one of the best boy swimmers in this vicinity, in addition to his ability in the diving art. Others are Sandford Gregory, Ed. Barney, Stewart Manchee, George Werner, "Gil" Gregory, Condit, "Dan" Ecker.

With this creditable group of boys it will be seen that we deserve consideration when it comes to talking about champions. So you boys that have any school spirit, and the slightest knowledge of swimming come out to practice and I think I am safe in saying that you will have not only a bigger interest in your school, but you will all know how to swim a great deal better.

PHILLIPSBURG IS DEFEATED.

Barringer after ineffectively trying for two years to defeat Phillipsburg and to break the scoreless tie which has marked this game, came through with a 9-0 victory this season.

The game which was played at Phillipsburg was a bitter struggle from whistle to whistle. Tallman, of Phillipsburg, kicked off to Dempsey who ran the ball back fifteen yards before being thrown. After trying without satisfactory results to penetrate the Phillipsburg line, Barringer was forced to punt. On the first play by Phillipsburg, the ball, due to a fumble, bounced into the hands of Juliano who ran for a touchdown. Dempsey failed at the attempt for goal. In the last part of the quarter, Ritchie was called back to try for a field goal, but without success, as the kick sailed wide. The half ended with the score 6-0 in Barringer's favor.

In the third quarter, which was practically a kicking contest between Nolan of Phillipsburg, and Dempsey of Barringer, a field goal was made. It was Dempsey, who by drop kicking the ball between the goal post from the twenty-yard line, accounted for the three points. This completed the swing, as Barringer in the last period, after Captain Dempsey had been forced to leave the game on account of a broken nose, played a defensive game and although Phillipsburg outweighed our players over five pounds to the man, our team was able to withstand the attack as Phillipsburg was never dangerous. The playing of Noble and Juliano easily excelled for Barringer, while Tallman, C. Wilson and Bellis were the individual stars for Phillipsburg. The line-up:

Phillipsburg H. S.	*Barringer H. S.*
Orr	Schaffer
Left End.	
Weisel (Capt.)	Golinski
Left Tackle.	
Smith	Kaiser
Left Guard.	
Tallman	Noble
Center.	
O'Connor	DeHart
Right Guard.	
Pitinger	Ecker
Right Tackle.	
Meixell	Casler
Right End.	

Nolan ..... Dempsey (Capt.)
Quarterback.
Bellis ..... Rheinhart
Left Halfback.
Brannan ..... Juliano
Right Halfback.
W. Gephardt ..... Ritchie
Fullback.

Referee—F. H. Irmcheler, Lafayette. Umpire—H. H. Bruce, Sargeants, Normal. Head linesman—Surran, Wesleyan. Timers—Dodd, Foster. Time of periods—10 min. Substitutions—Barringer, Poole for Rheinhart, Maze tor Ritchie, Kuhnle for Kaiser, Minster for Dempsey; Phillipsburg, W. Wiliver for Bellis, Raub for Smith, Bellis for Raub, C. Wiliver for Nolan.

EAST SIDE IS EASY.

Our boys had little trouble in disposing of East Side with a 35-0 score. In fact our second team which played all of the third quarter, was able to score.

Douthert whose kicking off was a feature of the game started things by kicking to Schreiber. The East Side team was unable to advance the ball and was forced to kick. Barringer experienced little difficulty in going through the East Side line, and in a few plays Dempsey crossed their goal line for the first score of the game. Dempsey also kicked the goal. Rheinhart and Dempsey made two more touchdowns before the end of the period. The half ended with Barringer in the lead of twenty points. In the second half the Barringer second team took the field, and after working the ball down the field, Gregory went over for a touchdown. Douthert's kicks which were in a class by themseleves, were responsible for two more points, when one of them went over the goal line and Dauksys the East Side Quarterback was thrown by Ecker in an attempt to run the ball back.

Dempsey made one more touchdown when the varsity team returned to the game in the last quarter.

Although East Side never became dangerous, they certainly deserve credit for the numerous long forward passes which they worked successfully. The line-up:

Barringer (35)	*East Side* (0)
Mc Loughlin	Gillis
Left End.	
Douthert	Lehman
Left Tackle.	
Golinski	Roever
Left Guard.	
Noble	Lermer
Center.	
DeHart	Bien
Right Guard.	
Ecker	Goldberg
Right Tackle.	
Casler	Server
Right End.	
Dempsey	Dauksys
Quarterback.	
Rheinhart	Kieb
Left Halfback.	
Maze	Rosenfeld
Right Halfback.	
Ritchie	Schreiber
Fullback.	

Score by periods:

Barringer	13	9	6	7—35
East Side	0	0	0	0— 0

Referee—Karl Kiefer, Princeton. Umpire—Harry Baldwin, Valley A. A. Field Judge—Percy Parsons, Harvard. Time of periods—twelve minutes.

Barringer Scoring—Touchdowns, Dempsey, 3; Rheinhart, 1; Gregory, 1. Goals from touchdowns—Dempsey, 1; Ritchie, 2. Safety—Ecker. Barringer substitutions—Duncan for McLoughlin, Urmy for Duncan, Stringer for Douthert, Kuhln for Golinski, Foster for Noble, Kaiser for DeHart, Annovisio for Ecker, Schaeffer for Casler, Gregory for Dempsey, Poole for Reinhart, Juliano for Maze, Hummel for Ritchie. East Side substitutions—Spiegel for Server, Kirschner for Dauksys, Sieff for Kieb, Opie for Rosenfeld, Meyer for Spiegel, Bankart for Gillis, Carboy for Lermer, Bogatno for Schreiber, Policastro for Meyers, Kingman for Lehman, Anderson for Bien.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL.

Once again this old saying was proven true when the Barringer team, although it was far outweighed by the South Side eleven, defeated the Sunnysiders 10-0.

The game was a severe one although our goal line was endangered but once, and that once due to a Barringer fumble. Barringer's touchdown was made in the second quarter when Captain Dempsey threw a short forward pass over the goal line to Casler, the Barringer right end. It was also Casler who in the third quarter broke through and threw DeVita back of the South Side goal line for a safety. South Side's one chance to score by means of a field goal was a failure, as the Barringer men broke through and blocked the kick. Ned Duncan was responsible for the other two points as he threw DeVita behind his own goal line in the same manner as Casler had. The Barringer team was excellent in the defensive and on the offense it certainly gave the South Side eleven something to worry about.

Dan Noble's play at center was a feature, for through Fava playing center for South Side, outweighed Noble almost fifty pounds. Dan was able to effectively take care of his man.

However, the playing of the Barringer team was not what it should have been, and some hard work seems to be needed. The line-up:

Barringer.		*South Side.*
Schaeffer	Left End.	Schwartz
Douthert	Left Tackle.	Alexander
DeHart	Left Guard.	Mount
Noble	Center.	Fava
Golinski	Right Guard.	Shapiro
Ecker	Right Tackle.	Blume
Casler	Right End.	Macow
Dempsey	Quarterback.	Weismuller
Reinhardt	Left Halfback.	Kohn
Juliano	Right Halfback.	DeVita
Ritchie	Fullback.	Gardner

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	6	2	2—10
South Side	0	0	0	0— 0

Referee—Victor Schwartz, Brown. Umpire—James K. Alverson, Rutgers. Field Judge—Harry Baldwin, Valley A. A. Time of quarters—ten minutes. Barringer scoring—Touchdowns, Casler; safeties, Casler, Duncan. Barringer substitutions—Duncan for Shaffer, Stringer for Douthert, Kaiser for DeHart, McLoughlin for Casler, Poole for Juliano, Juliano for Dempsey, Maze for Reinhardt. South Side substitutions—Smith for Shapiro, Leveen for Macow, Henderson for Schwartz, J. Byron for Kohn.

RAHWAY IS EASY FOR BARRINGER.

Barringer by defeating the gritty Rahway eleven by a score of 22—0, very auspiciously opened up its football season.

Our goal was never really threatened, in fact, most of the last quarter was played with practically all of our second team on the field. All of the scoring was done in the second half, when Captain Dempsey and Juliano both gained touchdowns. The first touchdown was made by Juliano who received a short forward pass from Dempsey, thrown from about the five-yard line. The attempt to kick the goal by Dempsey was a failure. A few minutes after play had been resumed, Ritchie was rushed in and he drop-kicked a goal from around the twenty-five yard line. Shortly afterwards, Schaeffer having blocked a kick near Rahway's ten-yard line, Dempsey rushed the ball over. Later in the last quarter, Juliano plunged through the red and black line for fifteen yards and a touchdown. This time Ritchie kicked the goal. Juliano was the star in the Barringer line-up. Captain Terrill of Rahway played a splendid game and gave a rare exhibition of good football. He was by far the best of the Rahway players.

The line-up:

Barringer H. S.		*Rahway H. S.*
Schaeffer	Left End.	Mills
Douthert	Left Tackle.	Milnes
Golinski	Left Guard.	Ritmeyer
D. Noble	Center.	Bauer
DeHart	Right Guard.	Mackle
Ecker	Right Tackle.	Jacobowitz
Duncan	Right End.	W. Ritchie
Gregory	Quarterback.	Mossman
Reinhart	Left Halfback.	Terrill
Juliano	Right Halfback.	Ludlow
Poole	Fullback.	Mantlo

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	0	15	7—22
Rahway	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns—Juliano 2, Dempsey. Goal from touchdown—L. Ritchie. Goal from field—L. Ritchie. Referee—Pyne. Umpire—Hall. Head linesman—Johnson. Timer—Howard. Time of periods—10m. Substitutions—Barringer, Dempsey for Gregory, Hummel for Juliano, L. Ritchie for Poole, Maze for L. Ritchie, Kaiser for Noble, Avanazio for DeHart, Casler for Duncan, Kuhnle for Golinski, Stringer for Schaefer, Hock for Stringer; Rahway, Dunphy for Mackle, Mackle for Jacobowitz, Jacobowitz for Terrill, Terrill for Mossman.

JULIANO SCORES ONLY TOUCHDOWN OF GAME AGAINST MONTCLAIR.

Shooting in and out, back and forth and into every imaginable shape, now falling, then rising, but always holding that precious ball and the thought of a touchdown looming closer on every step, Juliano, our fast halfback, ran forty yards for what proved to be the winning tally of this football classic. Aside from this and Casler's spectacular tackling which held Montclair back, the game was a loose affair, both sides frequently fumbling at critical moments. But this did not bother the larger gathering of both Montclair and Barringer cohorts, who cheered on their respective teams with many a hearty yell, but rather it seemed to lend excitement of the best kind to a very interesting game. The score was 7—0.

The line-up:

Montclair H. S.	*Barringer H. S.*
Erickson	Schaeffer
Left End.	
Bowser	Golonski
Left Tackle.	
Rose	Kaiser
Left Guard.	
Pearce	Noble
Center.	
Arra	DeHart
Right Guard.	
Hobart	Ecker
Right Tackle.	
Keenan	Casler
Right End.	
Vernon	Dempsey
Quarterback.	
Radford	Rheinhart
Left Halfback.	
Lawes	Juliano
Right Halfback.	
Summerfield	Ritchie
Fullback.	

Touchdown—Juliano. Goal from touchdown—Dempsey. Substitutions—Montclair, Peterson for Lawes, Peterson for Summerfield, Philips for Peterson, Foster for Vernon. Barringer, Maize for Ritchie. Umpire—Hart (Princeton-Columbia). Head linesman—Selvage (Columbia).

HAVE WE A GOOD CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM?

The Barringer Cross-Country Team opened its season by defeating the Commerce High School representatives by a score of 24—31. When we consider the fact that there are only three "nets" left to sport the Barringer colors, we must say, "Pretty good." This race was a good test for the inexperienced men, for it was a fast one and covered the distance of three and one-half miles. Chittick, a veteran and captain, was the first to cross the tape. Of the new men, Banks, Melito and Miller were the next to finish for Barringer. It would be unjust if I were to leave out Condit, Wood, Marshall and Gibbons, all of whom have plugged for all they're worth to aid the team.

MORRIS NOSES OUT BARRINGER.

The Morris High School runners of New York managed to nose out Barringer in our second race by a score of 26—29. The distance was about three miles, the harriers twice circling the Branch Brook course. Wolpiousky led at the end of the first lap by about twenty yards, when Chittick and Melito regained the lost ground and finished ahead of the New York runner. Although these two Barringerites were the first to finish, yet Morris beat us by their excellent team work. Besides our team was weakened by the ineligibility of a few men, who were not up to the standard in their studies.

The order of finish was as follows:

1. Chittick (capt.) ..... Barringer
2. Melito ..... Barringer
3. Wolpiousky ..... Morris
4. Skliar ..... Morris
5. Languardia ..... Morris
6. Rosenblum ..... Morris
7. Condit ..... Barringer
8. Lastfoget ..... Morris
9. Goldburst ..... Morris
10. Angelillo ..... Barringer
11. Boteus ..... Morris
12. Wood ..... Barringer
13. Marshall ..... Barringer

BARRINGER VICTORIOUS OVER DE WITT CLINTON AND BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOLS IN TRIANGLE MEET.

Our hill-and-dalers showed good team work when they triumphed over the De Witt Clinton and the Bloomfield High School harriers in a triangle meet. Ten of the first fourteen men to finish were from Barringer. This shows great improvement over the previous runs. Lew Fields decided to make this and the following races cross-country runs and not road races, so he chose the hard and stiff Forest Hill course of three and one-half miles. Captain Yardley Chittick and Melito, the "Mutt and Jeff" of our team, were given strong opposition by Captain Locker of De Witt Clinton, who finally succeeded in beating them across the finish line. The following shows the order of finish.

1. Locker (capt.) ..... De Witt
2. Chittick (capt.) ..... Barringer
3. Melito ..... Barringer
4. Banks ..... Barringer
5. Condit ..... Barringer
6. Macknowitz ..... De Witt
7. Davidson ..... De Witt
8. Felton (capt.) ..... Bloomfield
9. Jacobus ..... Barringer
10. Miller ..... Barringer
11. D'Allesio ..... Barringer
12. Angelillo ..... Barringer
13. Gibbons ..... Barringer
14. Byrne ..... Barringer
15. Berman ..... De Witt
16. Wood ..... Barringer
17. Mindal ..... De Witt
18. Harr ..... Barringer
19. Engler ..... De Witt
20. Koeharne ..... Bloomfield
21. Silverman ..... De Witt
22. McCormack ..... De Witt
23. Martin ..... Bloomfield
24. Minichello ..... Barringer
25. Falk ..... De Witt
26. (?) ..... Bloomfield
27. (?) ..... Bloomfield

Team score:	Points
Barringer, 2-3-4-5-9	23
De Witt, 1-6-7-10-11	35
Bloomfield, 8-12-13-14-15	62

NOTHING TO IT.

This was the unanimous opinion of the Barringer players after they had defeated Stevens Prep 26—0.

Hotchkiss of Stevens started the game by kicking off to Duncan. There was no particularly good work done in the first half, although our eleven four times carried the ball down the field only to lose it by a fumble. Barringer's sloppy playing was the outstanding feature of the first half.

However some pep must have been injected into our fellows, as they had little difficulty in scoring in the second half. Captain Dempsey, who was responsible for two touchdowns, played as usual his striking game. Ritchie added the third touchdown to our score and Douthent not to be outdone, added his name to the list of heroes by recovering a fumble and running for a touchdown in the last period. Ritchie kicked the goal.

Without a doubt Barringer has in Douthert one of the best place kickers in this section, as his kicks are always to be relied upon.

The line-up:

Barringer.	*Stevens Prep.*
Schaeffer	Macey
Left End.	
Douthent	Young
Left Tackle.	
Kuhlne	Bathgate
Left Guard.	
Noble	Emslie
Center.	
Golinski	Hannah
Right Guard.	
Ecker	Fahs
Right Tackle.	
Duncan	Zizette
Right End.	
Dempsey	Simpson
Quarterback.	
Rheinhart	Beandmone
Left Halfback.	
Juliano	Hotchkiss
Right Halfback.	
Ritchie	Buchanan
Fullback.	

Touchdowns—Dempsey 2, Ritchie 1, Douthent 1. Goal from touchdown—Ritchie 2. Substitutions—Barringer, Castler for Duncan, Duncan for Castler, Stringer for Ecker, Gregory for Dempsey, Poole for Rheinhart, Golinski for Douthent, Addonzio for Golinski, Kaiser for Kuhlne, Hummel for Ritchie. Stevens, Brown for Zizette, Nevin for Brown, Drye for Fahs.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Last year it was the lot of some of us to watch some pretty poor games of basketball played by the girls. This year these games promise to be a good deal more interesting. The freshmen and sophs, ardent little beings that they are, certainly are working hard, and in occasional hair-raising plays have been known to show genius.

The Seniors had a great many out for their team and in sifting it down to the six best, Miss Patrick unavoidably had to disappoint many who are really good players. Margaret Poland and Ruth Stevens are the forwards, and as they have worked together often are exceptionally good.

The strength of the juniors lies, without a doubt, in their incomparable centers, Nan Ehring and Dot Kopeloff. Their team work never fails, and the opposing centers have yet to be found who can break it up.

THE 1B.

(*Continued from page* 10.)

the early part of the game, and gave him many chances to do so. You can easily guess how Kennedy broke through the Raleigh line and "got away" for the most sensational touchdown of the season. How he kicked the goal, thereby defeating Raleigh. You can imagine how he was carried off the field on the shoulders of his comrades, and you can see the faces of those comrades when Kennedy announced, "It's not my victory, boys, the credit of this game goes to that 1B water carrier!"

* * * * * *

As the same water carrier was walking home from the game, the big bus carrying the players passed him. He wanted to run and jump on the step like so many other boys were doing, but he didn't, for after all, he was only a 1B.

IT HAPPENED IN SLOWTOWN.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

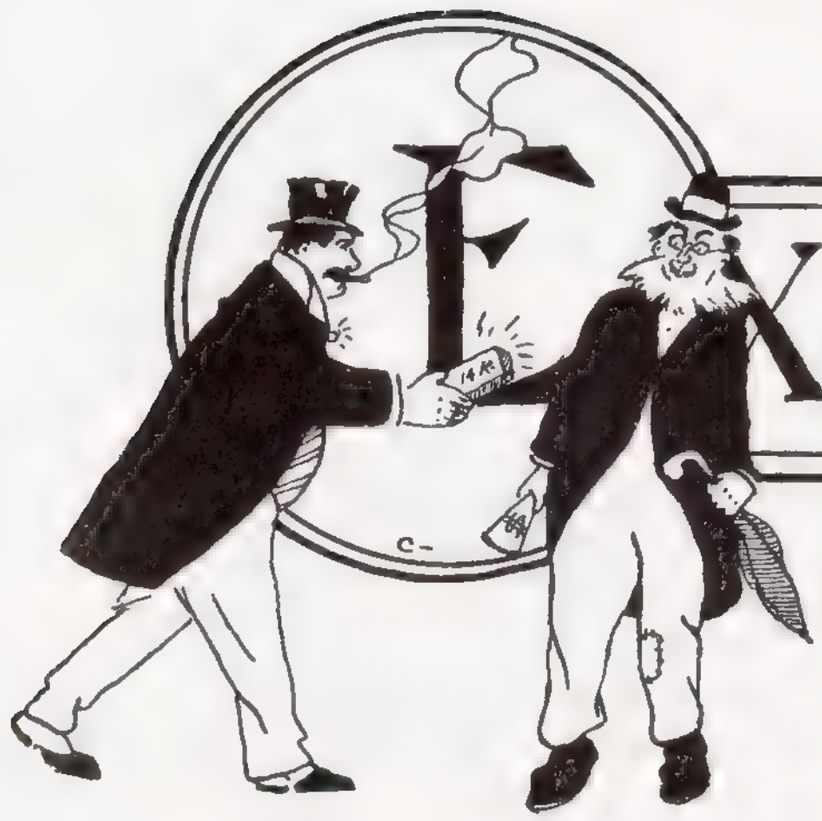
"laid away on the shelf." So the plan was put into operation. Elizabeth purloined (that's a good word) three or four of the pet lizards, leaving traces around their room to indicate that thieves had been therein. The room, by the way, opened upon a side yard. The professor, on discovering his loss was much perturbed, and immediately put another bolt on the inside of the door. But it was fruitless. Every morning more of his pets would be missing, Elizabeth placing them in a box in the woodshed.

At last Mr. Woods became furious.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I've tried every bolt and lock that the hardware store keeps, and, somehow, that person is still able to confiscate my lizards. You'd better telephone for Allen to come 'round, and I'll try one of his locks. And if it works you can have him."

And having thus relieved himself he stamped away. Soon Allen came and put one of his own locks on, and then they all awaited developments. Naturally there were none, and soon the professor had invested in a number of these locks, which he installed all over the house.

Then following the custom of the "bless-you-my-children" father, he places his hand on the blushing Elizabeth's head, and with a "may-you-always-be-happy," leaves them.



EXCHANGES

RUTH CAIRNS, *Ch.*
HELEN CLARKE

Probably few Barringerites realize that there are exactly two hundred seventy-five papers on the exchange list of the ACROPOLIS. But such is the case. Of course, not everyone of these sends us a copy of each issue; but the big college dailies and weeklies, which *are* regular, make up for any other loss. This term it is our aim to criticize as many of the high, prep, and private school papers every month as possible. To do this, there should be at least one more member of the department. We will be glad, therefore, to welcome anyone who would like to relieve us of some of our burdens. So if you think you have talent, do not hesitate to apply!

The ACROPOLIS gratefuly acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

Albanian, Artisan, Apokeepsian, Brown Daily Herald, Bulletin, Breeze, Boys' Lantern, Columbia Alumni News, Cornell Era, Conwayan, College News, Curtis Monthly, Campus, Daily Princetonian, Hyde Park Weekly, Howard Times, Ingot, Junto, Lafayette, Lasell Leaves, Masschusetts Collegian, The M, Office Topics, On Bounds, Owl, Punch Bowl, Polymnian, Princeton Pictorial, Polytechnic, Record, Review, Red and White, St. Margaret's Chronicle, Sphinx, Spectator, Syracuse Daily Orange, Tuskegee Student, Tattler, Targum, Vail-Deane Budget, Valkyrie, Wesleyan Argus, Williams Record, Yale Alumni Weekly, Yale University Bulletin.

And now, here's another pile of exchanges to be written up, and copy's due to-morrow! Ye gods and little fishes!! What's first?

Well, to start with, we have the *M* from St. Paul, Minn. Its literary section is large, and it's just teeming with cuts—113 in fact! We don't see how they can publish such a fine paper when they haven't a single advertisement. It's a young magazine, too!

Another paper worthy of favorable comment is the *Record,* of Louisville, Ky., a new member of our exchange list. The clever cover design puts us in a good humor for the contents. The *Record* has some fine material, but this is poorly arranged, and we find the exchange editor hasn't criticized a single paper. "Antony's Speech" was read with much amusement.

The *Conwayan* is an old friend of ours that we are glad to see again. It hails from Carlisle, Pa. It is up to its usual high standard. All the departments are complete and well written, although "Literary" and "Religious" appeal to us the most. We find no table of contents.

And now we come to the *Albanian,* from Brockville, Ontario, also new to us this fall. You see, it happened this way: Ye Exchange Editor of the ACROPOLIS met ye Ex. Ed. of the *Albanian* this summer and both decided they wouldn't mind knocking each other's school paper. We suppose this periodical really isn't so awful when you remember there are only about forty fellows left (it's a boys' school), the rest having gone to the war. (Brave lads!) Just the same, we don't think the *Albanian* much to boast of. Out of the twenty-seven little pages, fourteen are on athletics, and the rest are a little of everything. However, if said Ex. Ed. has the nerve to send us one, we'll be glad to see another copy!

The *Hyde Park Weekly,* from Chicago, is one of our very best exchanges. In fact, for a weekly, we've never seen anything like it. Think of a brand-new, up-to-date cover design for every issue (and it's a weekly, remember), besides a number of cartoons and a photograph! We should like our friends to see this "little wonder," too.

The best part of the *Valkyrie,* of Somerville, N. J., it its "lit" department. On the whole, however, this paper needs enlargement. Most of the sections are altogether too brief.

St. Margaret's Chronicle, from Toronto, is an interesting paper, containing a great many fine, clear pictures, and numerous short sketches just brim-full of originality and life. But it seems to be a characteristic of periodicals from girls'

schools to be all mixed up, with no distinct departments. Also, after looking clear through this paper, we at last found the table of contents on the last page instead of near the first, and we came across no editorial page at all. With a little system, this paper would be almost perfect.

From Lowell, Mass., comes the *Review,* a snappy little paper. Its cuts, departmental headings, and fine quality of paper are noticeable features. However, we notice one serious fault with the *Review:* there's an advertisement on almost every page.

The October *Lasell Leaves,* from Boston, is an interesting issue. Its numerous fine cuts and excellent quality of paper alone are enough to make one want to see the rest. We like the entertaining way in which the "Personals" are written. Editorials, Exchanges and Jokes could, however, stand lengthening.

The *Bulletin,* Montclair, N. J., has a neat cover and a fine literary department. "Nut Crackers" is an original section, and the exchange department is good. The paper lacks cuts, however.

In the *Ingot,* of Hancock, Mich., we find a poem, "The Freshman," worthy of mention. One or two more stories would improve the literary department. There are no cuts and no exchange department at all.

The *Apokeepsian,* of Poughkeepsie, has a fine athletic department. The literary section should precede the editorials.

The *Curtis Monthly's* literary department is rather short. Athletics are well written. The exchange department is weak with its two lone comments and absence of any list of acknowledgments.

The cover of the *Polymnian,* of Newark Academy is very neat. The literary department should precede the editorials, and the personals should have a separate section. We find no criticisms of exchanges.

"The Old Homestead," in the *Junto,* of Easton, Pa., is very good, as is also "Preparedness." The exchange department is the best we have read in quite a while.

The *Tattler,* from Milwaukee, Wis., needs more cuts. "The Juvenile Postman" was read with interest. The exchange department shows an industrious editor. The cover is original.

The literary section of the *Spectator,* from Trenton, N. J., is very weak. Its cover is neat. More cuts are needed. The athletic department is good but the exchanges are weak.

3B ORGANIZES.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

Dempsey, Gilbert Gregory, Warner Bellah, Louis Dick and David Hummell.

After deciding to meet on Monday the twenty-third, the meeting adjourned.

BBB ELECTS.

A meeting of the 3B's was held on October twenty-third. After accepting the secretary's report, the constitution, as drawn up by the committee appointed for that purpose, was revised and adopted by the class.

The election was, because of the wording of the constitution, a procedure of considerable length. The class chose as its officers for this term, Gilbert Gregory, president; Josephine Florence, vice-president; John Foster, treasurer and Helen Sheehan, secretary.

BARRINGER ELECTS PRESIDENT.

The city couldn't wait until election day to find out who was to be President of the United States, so it was decided that Barringer should hold a mock election on Monday.

Preparatory to the election, according to true politics, each party had a hearing before the student body. Mr. Hughes was represented by Burke Boyce, then Mr. Benson by Samuel Kudish, and last but not least Mr. Wilson, whose views were upheld by Alfred Lippman.

It seems as though Boyce's arguments were the most convincing for Hughes was elected, on Monday.

The Mayor of the City of Newark was also elected. In this case Mr. Raymond was victorious and the school's prediction proved true.

NOT NEEDED.

Little Harold was possessed of a deeply religious and at the same time, a most practical nature, as was evidenced upon a certain occasion when, having climbed to the pinnacle of a very steep shed he lost his footing and began to slide with terrifying swiftness toward that point where the roof swept gracefully off into space.

"Oh, Lord, save me!" he prayed.

"Oh, Lord, save me. Oh, Lord! * * *

"Never mind. I've caught on a nail."—*Harpers' Magazine.*

"Man is made of dust," remarked the good deacon, solemnly.

"But dust settles, which is more than can be said of some men," interrupted the class treasurer.—*Spectator.*

She—Can you run over to-night in your auto?

He—I think so, I've run over about everything else.—*Lasell Leaves.*

She—Who is that stingy little man that keeps running around and taking the ball from everybody?

He—He's the referee.

She—What side is he on?

He—Oh, the other side, always.—*Sunnyside.*

Gratuate Notes

EDITORS: { ELSIE DEY, *Chairman*
JOSEPHINE RATHBONE
LOUIS KAISER

Wesleyan

APOLOGIA PRO SUA VITA.

What claim has Wesleyan to a page in the ACROPOLIS? What is there at Middletown that is of interest to Barringer undergraduates?

Barringer girls who know the place would fill the page with pictures of the campus at spring time,—with stories of the joys of Junior Week,—and when they were through, you would feel that the page was well filled.

ACROPOLIS editors are giving us the page half out of curiosity. They want to know more of the college whose pictures grace the walls of the sanctum.

The Barringer faculty will feel that the page is incomplete without a reference to the splendid record made at Wesleyan by Barringer graduates. There have been just enough of them to let us speak impersonally, you understand. And the Barringer undergraduates would be as interested if we were to give up the page to stories of Wesleyan athletic victories,—of the Blue, the Crimson, and the Purple trophies, and of the ancient shells that swing from the high rafters of the gymnasium. Probably most of you would be willing to leave the page unwritten, for a chance to plunge into the brand new pool that occupies the east wing of the same building.

But visitors who have made the trip in midwinter would hasten to tell of the Cannon Scrap, of championship basketball teams,—of a midnight trip to "Henry's," or to "Pop" Sheridan's for one of his justly famous "hot cheeses." They would tell of jolly groups of twos or twenties that sang as they climbed the hill, or as they gathered 'round glowing firesides in the fraternities. And older men would tell of all that that fellowship had meant to them. They would tell of the inspiration of old Van Vleck or of our own Dodge, and Winchester, and Armstrong. Or they would laugh reminiscently over Nicholson's after-dinners.

Let Nic himself tell of Wesleyan and you would all digest your meals better. "I am even fearful of walking on back campus at night time these days, for fear of stumbling over some new building. The college is making rapid progress in all lines. Even salaries of the professors have been advanced by leaps and bounds. They've taken one leap in thirty years, and they're bound to go up again."

Nicolson would speak in more serious vein of the record of Wesleyan in the world. He would remind you that proportionately more of her alumni have secured the Ph.D. degree, and that more of her graduates are listed in the pages of "Who's Who in America" than of the alumni of any other American college. One of every three men who distinguished themselves in undergraduate activity, and the same proportion of all men on whom the Phi Beta Kappa has been conferred by Wesleyan, are listed in "Who's Who" fifteen years later.

That's interesting to you, for sixty per cent. of Barringer's representatives at Wesleyan in recent years have fallen in one of the two groups. Three of the last five "leaders" in I History have been Barringer men. Mr. Stearns will let the page by for that, at least. (And despite the title, that ought to get by A. V. T.) Barringer men at Wesleyan and Wesleyan men in the world have a record to maintain, in scholarship and in activities.

If Prexie Shanklin were writing the article, he would pass over without mention the succesful million dollar endowment increase, and the five new buildings for which his seven-year presidency has been responsible. He would be more likely to speak of the democracy that prevails here, that permits the election of a man as College Body President, who had for three years shoveled snow and acted as janitor of his Fraternity house; of the democracy that discountenances display and teaches the young millionaire to make his friends on the basis of their intrinsic worth. He would tell of the leadership that Wesleyan had taken in the establishment of the Honor System in northern colleges. And he would

tell of the Wesleyan spirit that makes a man think big, that made it possible to raise fifty-two hundred dollars on the Campus in three days to back up the work in which A. C. Harte, '92, is leading for the relief of the war prisoners in Europe.

We didn't write this stuff to bring you to Wesleyan. Wesleyan has equipment for five hundred men. She has five hundred and two this year and wants no more than that. Furthermore it is unlikely that the kind of man worth while will choose his college on stories of it. If you want to know more of the place, blow yourself to a one hundred mile trip, and come on to Middletown. Meanwhile, we shall have done enough if you have caught a flittering, vague idea of "The Biggest little College in the World," and of what it means to some Barringer men. Read on.

The Faculty.

Although part of the faculty of Wesleyan University look like absent-minded old college professors, all of them are so wide-awake that they can make the students sit up and take notice when it comes to a live interest in the affairs of the college and the world at large. The students have long realized that they are not by any means "foggies," and a cordial friendship has grown up between professors and the undergraduate body. Every student learns early in his course that the men of the faculty are ready and glad to meet him on his own ground, so it remains only for the individual to choose the professors who appeal to him most. Our "Prexie" is the best friend we have on the faculty. Besides attending to the administration of the affairs of the University with phenomenal success, he is intimately acquainted with every man in college, winning the admiration and good-will of all.

This friendliness and interest outside of the class room does not mean that they are any less proficient as instructors in their various branches. Professor Conn, whose biological text-books are used in many colleges, was one of the first professors under whom I studied. His interesting and instructive courses were all the more impressive when I learned of some of the valuable contributions that he had made to science. Prof. Rice, although since 1865 an alumnus of Wesleyan, is still an important member of the faculty. Even though so old, he regularly outwalks his class when he takes it on a geological excursion, and is as vigorous in mind and body as the best. He has been called the "greatest all-round genius of the day." Prof. Winchester, of the Literature department, has had flattering offers from big universites, but he prefers the home-like atmosphere of Middletown.

In practically every department we have men who are recognized as authorities by the professors of similar subjects in other colleges. The three above mentioned are merely typical examples chosen from the older members of the faculty. So I am safe in saying that if Wesleyan can pride herself on anything, it is her teaching staff. Some colleges may emphasize their buildings, some their athletics, but Wesleyan, although not negligent of these, has seen that the greatest strength of a college lies in its faculty, and has had remarkable success in building one up. The Wesleyan student's opportunites of meeting men of national reputation on a basis of friendly intimacy is his most valuable and valued possession.

Athletics at Wesleyan.

Among the colleges of her class, the smaller or New England colleges, Wesleyan stands high, and has an enviable athletic record. With the exception of basketball and baseball in which the larger colleges are still met, Wesleyan sticks to her class and plays only teams from colleges of equal size. The last of the large colleges to be dropped was Yale, in football, though in basketball Wesleyan still plays and is ranked with the larger universities.

For several reasons Wesleyan will continue to play only teams from the smaller colleges. The most interesting and significant is the fact that material is limited, for at Wesleyan no Varsity athletes are in the employ of the colleges. Wesleyan was early a leader in the fight for clean, amateur athletics, and is untainted by the disease of professionalism. No inducement other than elective academic or scientific courses is offered to bring any man to Wesleyan.

For this very reason it is particularly necessary that green material be developed under expert coaching as rapidly as possible for the varsity and second teams. And yet, despite this, Wesleyan forbids Freshmen to participate in varsity athletics until after mid-years.

To do this and to give every man an opportunity to participate in sports, athletics is required of all Freshmen and Sophomores. Suffice it to say that the results are most satisfactory and enable the coaches to get a line on valuable material. Perhaps the most unique method of developing Varsity men is to be found in the system of intramural sports in vogue here. In interclass games the championship title is the object sought, and teams from each class compete in Track, Football, Baseball, Tennis, and Basketball. The three highest places in each sport are accorded points, and the championship is based on the year's total.

Interfraternity games, played on schedule, are scarcely less strenuous and quite as keenly contested as are the interclass matches. It is no uncommon sight to see the balcony of the gym lined with rooters at a fraternity basketball contest, for the interest and excitement runs high. Especially is this true when two

FLAG RUSH

ATHLETIC FIELD

teams of nearly equal ability are fighting for the championship. Interfraternity games are not limited to basketball, and in the spring the fraternity diamond is always occupied. Here, too, spirit runs high and the games are exciting and close.

The result of the intra-mural athletic system at Wesleyan is that not merely the Varsity man, but every man has a chance to play in some sport, under supervision, even though he is not a star. In football, for instance, it is not an uncommon sight to see six whole teams practicing at one time on the back campus. And in baseball nearly half the college body played in scheduled games last spring. athletics and not team athletics merely.

In these two ways, then, every man of average ability has a chance to develop in one or more branches of athletics, and many such are later found in the Varsity line-up before they graduate; for it is from these sources that the coaches select promising men. Many enter college with a record of excellent prep school work behind them. In Freshman year these men have a chance to find themselves in the college life and in college studies before even being permitted to work for Wesleyan. And this same rule tends to develop strong Freshmen teams, especially in football. Fourteen prep school captains and stars are on this year's For Wesleyan athletics are distinctly college squad in substantiation of this statement, and it is the task of the coaches (and of the college, too) to teach these men to be a team rather than a constellation. That is enough, if it can be accomplished satisfactorily.

Too much credit cannot be given the "scrubs" and the Freshman teams for the part

they play in developing the Varsity. In football they are battered hard and win little glory; but with good scrub teams the posibility of turning out victorious Varsity teams is bright. Such is the condition at Wesleyan, where from an enrollment of but five hundred, seventy men are to be found on the back campus in football togs as a part of the autumn afternoon scenery. Wesleyan rarely needs to issue a special call for scrubs, and in the condition that makes this true is the mainstay of Wesleyan athletics.

Yes, and you may well imagine, under such circumstances, that the undergraduate body from "The singing College of New England" is loyal to the teams, as they

"Fight, fight,—fight, fight,—for Wesleyan."

THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

THE fraternity life is a very important element in the college world, for the fraternity is the center of the social life, and the social life in its broadest sense is the greatest factor in all college life. The preparatory school conception of a fraternity is of a body of men more or less temporary in organization, in character, and in influence. The college fraternity is the enlargement of this idea to the greatest possible degree. The fraternity is a body of which the member is a vital unit, the fraternity house is the home, morning, noon, and night for several years. The members all work together to make the body perfect as possible in spirit and unity. The member derives much good from contact with others, and learns to live with those of different habits and varied experience, but on the other hand one must give friendship and the best he possesses to others. Faults must be overlooked and petty offences forgotten, for the social body must be preserved by unity and unswerving friendship. The fraternal bond is everlasting and the fraternal influence ever present, for the fraternity and its members can never be separated. The members are not only friends but brothers who work together for the individual good, the good of the fraternity, the college, and above all, the world society to which they belong. Lasting friends of different types are made, and among them one finds his best friend and sharpest critic. The opinion and experience of the individual belong to all. The college man moulded by many others and touched by the fraternity ideal, forms a character which is broad in idea, wide in outlook, and high in purpose, and prepared to become a member of that great social body, the outside world.

In Wesleyan there are ten fraternal groups, seven so-called national fraternities with members in other colleges, two local fraternities, and a common fraternal in purpose, but not so exclusive in form. These bodies enroll a majority of the college body and are therefore necessarily a large element in the college life. Around the dinner table, for all members eat at their respective houses, the college affairs are discussed and the opinions of the various groups are modified and formed. The fraternity is the unit of representation in college institutions and activities, also the sentiment is largely derived from the various groups.

The house is the centre of social events such as dances, receptions and "sings"; it is in short the centre of work and play, the pivot around which all else swings. The fraternities have athletic teams of tennis, baseball, and basketball—some of these teams contain men of ability along athletic lines and the competition is keen in all contests. Besides being the social and athletic centre for its members, the fraternity is the scholastic unit. Scholarship should be the primary aim of all with exception of congeniality and friendship, for scholarship is the fundamental idea and goal of those who come to college to derive the most value therefrom. Studying is encouraged in the different groups both by example and by material aid, for the good student is ready to help the less proficient along the path to knowledge. Not only does the individual study for his own profit, but for the standing and reputation of the fraternity, for a Prize Cup is given at the end of the year to that house with the highest average standing—it is retained one year provided another house wins. Scholarship is thus fraternalized.

The fraternities at Wesleyan may vary in average type of members, in attainment of the body, and in talent and ability of its individuals, yet they all direct their energy toward and obtain in high degree, close friendship and true brotherhood; and succeed in turning out men of well-rounded character and lively zeal to do something for the world. The beautiful buildings and fine architecture of the fraternity houses do not make the true fraternity—it is the members inside whether they are compact in spirit and working for the good of the college and the community that proves the worth. Wesleyan has some elegant and homelike houses and what is more, ten groups of brothers with fraternal ideals that they strive hard and continually to attain.

JOSEPHINE RATHBONE.

We Are Receiving 200 Calls Monthly for Office Help

Most of these calls come from concerns who are looking for ability and are willing to pay the price. During the week of November 13-18 we received several calls for young men for secretarial positions at salaries ranging from $60 to $90 monthly with unusual opportunities for advancement; also a large number for bookkeepers and clerks at salaries ranging from $8.00 to $15.00. We have also received a large number for young ladies at salaries ranging from $7.00 to $15.00 a week. It would pay you to enroll in

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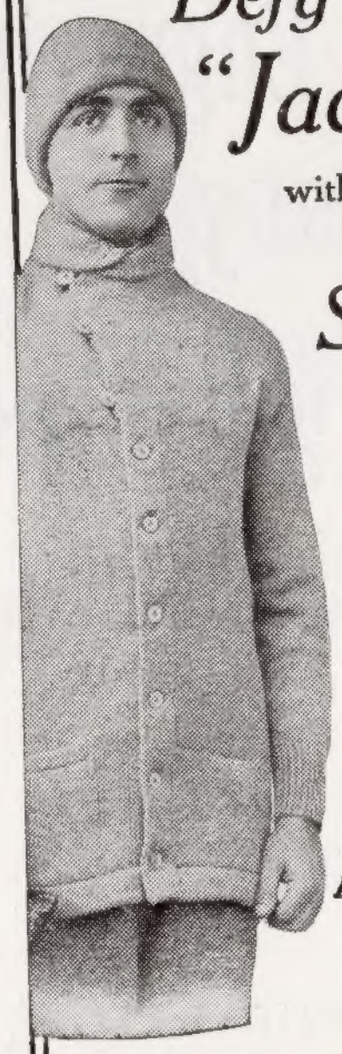

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